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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 13

November 15, 2002



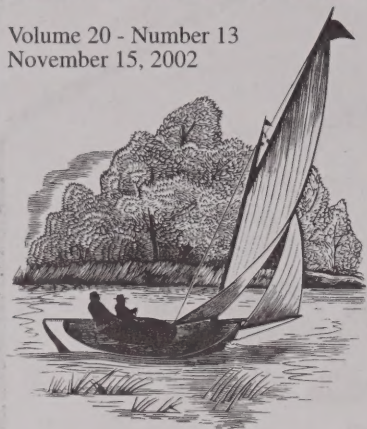
Special Features This Issue
"True North's Golden Thoroughfare"
"Arey's Pond Cat Gathering" - "Natural Dangers"

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messing about in BOATS

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Volume 20 - Number 13
November 15, 2002



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Looking Ahead...

Paul Lubarski presents his photo essay coverage of "The Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival"; and Bob Bryant has a report on the "Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival".

Reinhard Zollitsch was off again last summer on another of his coastal canoeing adventures, this time "Paddling Solo Along the Baltic Coast of Germany"; Bob and Julie Nelsen continue their "Pinch Penny Cruising in a Peep Hen" series with a "Julie II vs. Prairie Poulet Showdown in Pensacola Bay"; and Hugh Ware gives us yet another peek into the world of professional mariners with another of his columns "Beyond the Horizon".

Rob White explains his small boat marketing strategy in "Refused" and offers his opinions on "Plywood, Phooey!"; and Craig Wilson tells of a resurrection in "F.O.R.D. Floats Again".

Sharon Brown is back with another insight into John Gardner and his work in "John Gardner's Green Machine...Cadillac for the Proletariat"; John Hadden presents his low budget kayak outrigger design "HOSS, Hadden Outrigger Stabilization System"; Charles Dowd introduces us to Seattle's own "Hvalsoe Launch"; and Phil Bolger & Friends bring us Part 1 of a 2 part feature, "Loose Moose II Upgrade, Le Cabotin".

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This is the third issue now in which Mike Scagliotti's centerfold cartoon "Fame O' the Yard" has appeared. Despite a too long delay in getting the cartoon to us in time for the last issue, it looks as if Mike will indeed be able to meet our twice a month schedule with his ongoing illustrated commentary on what will be happening at Harold Burnham's boatyard in Essex, Massachusetts throughout the winter and into next season where the focus of it all, Harold's construction of the traditionally built replica of the War of 1812 privateer *Fame*, will be ongoing.

When Mike first approached me about his desire to chronicle Harold's latest undertaking in this unique way, I was immediately persuaded but did have some doubts as to his being able to maintain the pace of publication and suggested that perhaps he do one every other issue, once a month. Mike demurred, saying he felt there will be so much for him to show us that there would not be space enough.

Cartoons have graced our pages on and off over our 20 years of publication, usually occasional single panel creations from readers, and more recently the four panel "Shiver Me Timbers" strips from Robert Summers. These latter treat various aspects of boating and fishing from a wry viewpoint which I enjoyed enough to bring them to you on a space available basis from issue to issue. Robert's work appears in several local newspapers which serve his Ohio hometown, where he is a fourth grade teacher.

Mike's undertaking is different in that he plans to chronicle an ongoing situation yet to develop, with no idea how it is going to happen, other than that Harold will indeed get the boat built. This is thus something of a launching into the unknown for us, but as I know many of the characters who appear, or will appear, in Mike's cartoons, I am comfortable with the unpredictable aspects of this undertaking, as the mix is too feisty a one to result in only bland, pedestrian reports on building a wooden boat.

This latest turn of events in our own ongoing saga publishing this little magazine illustrates how we are constantly refreshed by the diversity and uniqueness of much of the material we receive for publication. Never a dull moment is a tired cliché that does seem to apply to what I do. To look forward to each succeeding issue with undiminished enthusiasm, after over 450 of them have left here for the printer and mailer enroute to you, is a wonderful lift to my life. In how many different ways can we chronicle the activity we call messing about in boats? Apparently a lot, a variety still not fully revealed to us.

It helps, of course, that I am receptive to so much diversity. I am fortunate in not having trained as a journalist, so I have not felt I had to adhere to professional journalism's criteria. No "style books" for me. No extensive editing/rewriting which would only make a manuscript sound like I wrote it. I call that "homogenized writing!"

I was an engineer in the stone age era semiconductor industry prior to launching my first motorcycling publication in 1959, and was I bored! I seem to be something of a misfit in today's structured society, never having been concerned with popularly held concepts of prestige, success, security or the accumulation of money, but rather wishing very much to be free to follow my heart wherever it led me. It took me until age 29 to break free, but once I did, it was goodbye forever to the lockstep life of career employment and its strictures.

And so I am strongly attracted to people like, in this instance, Harold Burnham and Mike Scagliotti, each doing his own thing the way he chooses. My openness to novel viewpoints and manners of expressing them I usually make evident when readers inquire about how I want them to submit a proposed article, in what format, style, length, and all that. I tell them all, "Just write what it is you want to say the way you wish to say it and send it along, I'll take it from there." And so now we have "Fame O' the Yard" to look forward to through the coming winter.

On the Cover...

Cats of all sizes came to enjoy the Arey's Pond Cat Gathering on Cape Cod, a feature report in this issue.

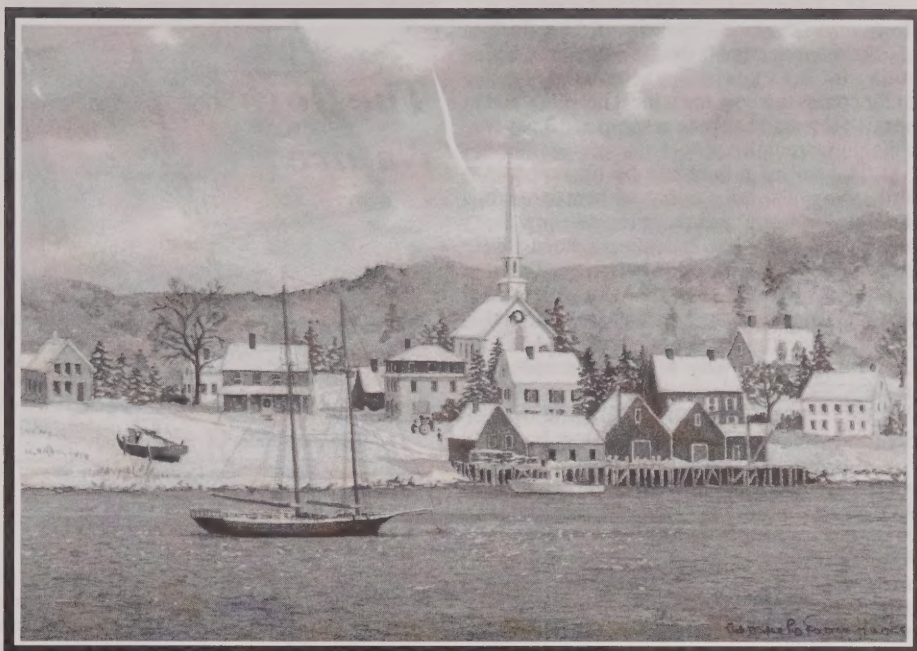
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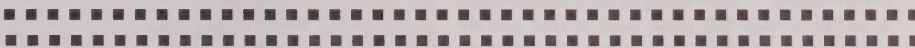


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BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943

The sailor feels the lightest breeze as it flows across the face. The hairs on the sailor's cheek and neck signals the air's direction and strength. As experience accumulates the sailor comes to know the wind's behavior and how it veers and backs in response to its ever changing strength.

The sail of a boat can be likened to a bird's wing. The sail causing the boat to move through the water and the wing causing the bird to fly. So there has always been this connection — a connection between sailboat and bird. Could this be why sailboat designers use bird names such as Dovekie and Marsh Hen when naming their designs? Could this also be why so many messabout boaters use names such as Egret, Turnstone, Pintail, Swan, Skimmer, Blue Heron, Shorebird, and Sparrow to name their boats?

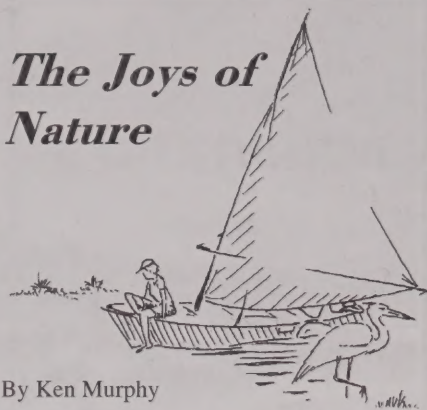
But, for all the connections we pretend we have with our feathered friends, from the aerodynamic point-of-view, we utterly fail in coming anywhere close to what they can do. And that failure is shown most vividly and most dramatically when observing the remarkable turkey vulture as it skillfully soars over our heads. The bird glides for hours in the summer skies over much of the United States. It seldom has to flap its wings, but finds rising thermals, and soars thousands of feet into the summer sky.

Man's closest attempt at such flying was the Gossamer Condor — a contraption of thin aluminum tubes covered with mylar plastic and braced with stainless steel wires. The dimensions and weight of the Gossamer Condor are as follows:

Wingspan - 96 feet
Length - 30 feet
Height - 18 feet
Weight - 70 pounds + pilot = about 200 pounds

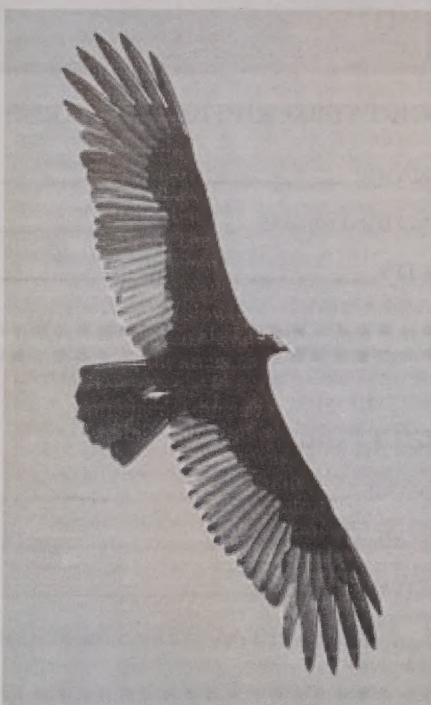
The brainchild of Dr. Paul B. MacCready and Dr. Peter B. S. Lissaman, both of Pasadena, California. They wanted to design and fly the first, truly man-powered, plane. On August 23, 1977, after many years of dedicated work, the Gossamer Condor successfully demonstrated sustained, maneuverable man-powered flight. Pilot (and engine) Bryan Allen took off from Shafter Airport, Shafter, California, at 7:30 a.m. and

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Turkey Vulture



Consider, now, the bird. Yes, yes, it is ugly when you observe it close-up. Let's not get side-tracked by looks. Its dimensions and weight are:

Wingspan - 6 feet
Length - 2 feet
Height - 1 foot
Weight - 8 pounds

So now let's focus on how well this bird flies. The turkey vulture's flying abilities were demonstrated to me in a very intimate circumstance. It was mid-afternoon after an exhilarating sail in twenty knot winds. I had sought protection behind a stand of trees growing on a narrow peninsula. Nicely anchored I was enjoying the view when I noted a turkey vulture perched on a fallen, dead tree. It was a mere 50 feet away. What a big bird, nearly eagle sized. I got out my binoculars for a closer look. Just as I focused on the bird it took off.

The bird flapped its wings twice and started to glide. Now just remember there are no thermals, so close to the ground. The vulture was in the eddy of the trees. Sailors know about tree eddies. How many times have you gotten close to a tree line and have found the wind doing all kinds of weird things. I can't count how many times, while in such an eddy, I've looked up at my red wind direction indicator and saw it actually turning like a propeller!

Well, this vulture didn't have a red wind indicator on its head, but it sure knew what the wind was doing! The bird maneuvered close to the trees and seemed to find an up draft. It banked this way and that, never descending, but moving slowly out toward the end of the peninsula at an elevation of 15 feet. It got to the end of the trees and turned into the twenty knot wind.

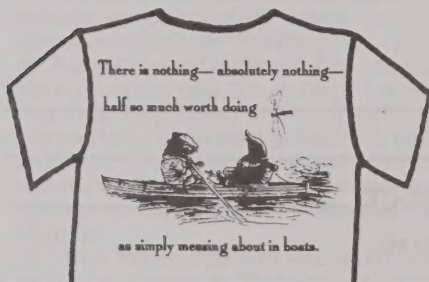
At that point he disappeared from view, but soon I saw him gliding above the trees being lifted by the wind as it was deflected over the trees. Then it seemed to simply gain altitude stretching its wings to their full 6 foot dimension and holding them above the horizontal, forming the familiar dihedral wing pattern peculiar to the turkey vulture. Familiar too was its rocking and tilting motions.

I watched as it became a mere dot in the sky. Its altitude was probably a 1000 feet when I finally put the glasses down. Except for the first few wing flaps, I did not see the bird flap its wings again. So all the gained altitude and all the distance made good across country were accomplished by the seemingly magical use of the air and its currents.

This incredible soarer is common in the United States. Its keen sense of smell is vital for finding carrion. Black Vultures, a more southern species, lack its graceful flight and depend more on keen eyesight than sense of smell.

Here is how biologists class the turkey vulture:

Kingdom: Animalia (animal)
Phylum: Chordata (notochord)
Subphylum: Vertebrata (backbone)
Class: Aves (bird)
Order: Ciconiiformes, e.g., Heron, Stork, Ibis, Flamingo families
Family: Cathartidae, e.g. Condors, Turkey Vulture families
Genus: Cathartes (Turkey Vulture)
We, the messabout boater, class this bird as the true sailor of the skies!



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landed 7 minutes, 27.5 seconds later. The official circuit, a figure 8 course around pylons one half mile apart with a 10 foot hurdle at the beginning and the end, covered 1.15 miles.

The Gossamer Condor traveled a total of 1.35 miles from takeoff to landing. Its flight speed was between 10 and 11 mph, with Allen, a championship bicyclist and hang glider enthusiast, developing, with great effort, one third horsepower.

I remember being amazed and thrilled at the seemingly impossible feat of man powered flight. But, my dear friends, the Gossamer Condor is no turkey vulture! MacCready and his team couldn't even get the thing to make a turn, at first.

As they tried to make it turn, its inner wing would stall and drop. Finally, they found if they actually bent the inner wing up, the contraption would make the turn without dropping out of the sky.

THE NORTH BAY NARRATIVE



Walter Staples

One Hundred years
of a Newfoundland Outport Village

The North Bay Narrative

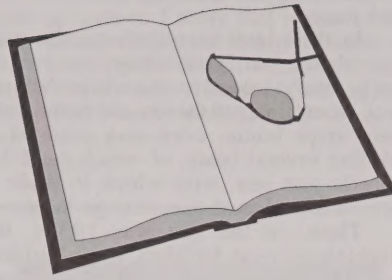
By Walter Staples
Peter E. Randall Publisher
Portsmouth, NH 1998
ISBN # 0 914339 70 2, 193 pages

Reviewed by Kenneth Robert Spring

It was the secret cod fishing grounds of the Basques, subsequently claimed for dear old England by John Sebastian Cabot, which attracted the attention of author fisherman Walter Staples. He went salmon fishing on the La Poile River and fell in love with a remote Newfoundland village, North Bay, in the southwest corner of Newfoundland.

The book reviews the last hundred years of history of the English settlers, after the French had been driven out of the area. The book is replete with good photographs of historical interest. The narrative follows the families of North Bay, the Stricklands, Farrells, Taylors, and Stones, from their first settlements around 1875 to the eventual abandonment of the village in 1968. They were attracted to this harsh, rugged country by the abundance of timber, fish and wildlife.

They logged the shoreline and built boats of steadily increasing size, first totally by hand, but eventually with water or steam powered saws. As the village grew to its maximum size of two hundred individuals, the logging and trapping expeditions extended ever farther into the unforgiving interior of Newfoundland. Walter Staples covers the family histories in great detail, chronicling births, marriages, and deaths. He develops the family trees and provides a clear narrative trail for those fascinated by the history of such isolated settlements.



Book Review

A Book Review & More...

Books that come to us for review are not all from large publishing houses, accompanied by purple prose extolling their attractions. Here is one instance where we wound up with a lot more of interest than the book alone.

It all began with the following letter from Walter Staples of Tamworth, New Hampshire: "A friend recently passed on a copy of the article 'How It Is Done in Newfoundland' from your April 1, 2001 issue.

Having become very familiar with the LaPoile River while fishing there over more than twenty years, and having written the enclosed book, *The North Bay Narrative*, I thought you might be interested not only in my book but also in the enclosed article about another Newfoundland boat, this one built in Massachusetts by a Newfoundland native."

The book looked promising so we sent it on to one of our reviewers, Kenneth Robert Spring, himself a published author. This is his review:

The picture painted by Staples of life in an "outport" village gives a good sense of the difficulties faced by the settlers. They cut trees down with axes, dragged them to the village with oxen and sawed them into boards using a two man pit saw. Keels and other timbers were shaped with axes or adzes without the benefit of dimensional plans, forms or even shelter from the weather. The notoriously bad weather in that part of the world tended to select for the stoic, self sufficient settlers who populated North Bay.

As Ernest Farrell relates, "Another time James Strickland and I went in a rowboat in early winter to La Poile (a distance of nine miles) to pick up a few things. We got to about the entrance to North Bay coming home and a strong wind came up. We tried several times to get around a small point of land but were blown back each time. At last we put the boat up from the water on the cliff a way. We put most of our things in pack sacks for each and began to climb the mountainside, intending to come in over the country. We got partway up, then the wind all went away as suddenly as it had come. We came back down, put the boat back in the water, and continued rowing on our way. It was dark before we got to the edge of the bay ice. We were good and tired before we got home."

In their quest to build even bigger boats and prosper, these hardy pioneers eventually depleted the nearby forest of useful timber and game, basically signing the death warrant of the village.

Staples does a workmanlike job of recounting the village history, times and terrain. While the book is rich in detail, it suffers from dry, rather sterile storytelling. One does not feel the bites of the hordes of blackflies, the harshness of the driving snow, or the freezing spray of the Newfoundland waters. This is a good reference book for those interested in the recent history of the region, but not an exciting read.

Walter had the following to say about the additional article he enclosed: "I wrote 'The Marblehead Newfoundland Connection' manuscript with intent to submit it to area newspapers or magazines for the purpose of promoting *The North Bay Narrative*. My source of information came from the book research, which included personal contact with Ray Jones, the grandson of Frank Strickland, who now lives in New England."

The Marblehead Newfoundland Connection

Those movie goers in the Boston area who watched the popular March of time News shows before and after the movie at local theaters in the early thirties, may have witnessed one in which the United States Coast Guard overtook a fleeing gun runner, fired a shot over its bow, boarded it, confiscated the guns, and, under guard, escorted the sloop *Edith Dora* to Marblehead harbor.

What they did not know was that the *Edith Dora* was built in a boatyard in Marblehead, Massachusetts by Frank Strickland, and originally named the *Edith Cavelle*, after a famous World War I nurse. Frank launched her in Marblehead harbor, where he prepared the ship for a trading trip to Newfoundland, the land of his birth and childhood.

Frank purchased a cargo of gasoline in fifty gallon drums, hired a crew, sailed the *Edith Cavelle* to Newfoundland and sold the gasoline to friends and relatives living in the small out port villages along the southwest coast. He then constructed several waterproof sections in the hull, filled them with sea water, and purchased a load of lobsters, and was ready to leave for Boston. On the morning of departure, a fire broke out in the engine room and ignited the gasoline laden air from his previous cargo. The *Edith Cavelle* exploded and sank by the LaPoile wharf. Several members of the crew were badly burned and spent weeks in the Port aux Basques hospital, and more time recuperating at North Bay with relatives.

The *Edith Cavelle* was patched and re floated. It was then towed to a protected shoreline of North Bay where it remained for four years while Frank Strickland returned to Medford, worked in Marblehead boat yards, built and sold smaller boats in his own ware-

house, until he had saved enough money to return to North Bay, re float the *Edith Cavelle*, tow it to the boat builders at North Bay village, and make complete repairs. He then renamed her the *Edith Dora* for two of his daughters, purchased a load of lobsters and sold them in Boston on the return trip to Marblehead harbor.

The U.S. Coast Guard, suddenly relieved of its responsibilities to prevent rum runners from delivering their cargoes along the New England coast, (prohibition had ended) and the rum runners converted to being gun runners, justified a continued need to fund the organization and fleet of ships. They were in the process of filming rescue operations off the east and west coasts of the United States and had come to Marblehead with intent to film the catching of a gun runner. When this actually failed to occur, they decided to fake one, and seeing the obviously out of place fishing boat anchored in Marblehead harbor among the fancy yachts, they approached Frank Strickland and made a deal to substitute the *Edith Dora*.

Financially, it was a good deal for Frank, and it helped pay for another cargo of gasoline to take to Newfoundland. He cooperated fully, stood on the foredeck with both hands raised above his head in answer to a shot over the bow. He was not as pleased on seeing the film to note that the photography was so good that acquaintances could easily recognize him and the *Edith Dora*, not knowing that the whole affair was faked.

Frank Strickland's permanent move to the Boston area was fully unintentional. He was completely happy in the remote village of three or four families where he and his brother, Andrew, had pioneered settlement, and built their own homes. After he had married Annie Farrell, oldest of the six daughters of Thomas and Elizabeth Farrell who lived six miles out the fiord like bay from where he had built the big house, his time was fully occupied with cutting the fir, spruce, and yellow birch that grew nearby in the LaPoile river valley, helping to pit saw the logs to planks, and to building boats.

In season, he fished the river for Atlantic salmon and sea trout and climbed the high mountains to hunt caribou and moose. Like most of the boys who grew up building boats, he was invited by those who bought the boats to work a cruise to Boston, or farther south, and he became acquainted with Boston merchants, advertised in Boston papers as a guide, and developed a clientele of sport fishermen and hunters.

Returning with a hunting party from a week on the mountains, Frank found Annie desperately ill. A doctor in the party offered to examine her. He told her she needed surgery to survive, that if she would come to Boston, he would perform the surgery. Frank and Annie packed meager belongings, and the family, including four daughters, went to Boston where the doctor performed the necessary surgery. By the time Annie had recovered and was able to make the return trip, the nine mile long bay had frozen and walking or even being hauled on sleds by dogs or men over the treacherous ice was considered too dangerous. They remained in Boston until spring. By then, the girls, and undoubtedly Annie, had no desire to return to the outhouse and thunder jug existence of North Bay. They would never see

automobiles, movies, even unrelated boys back there.

In their later recollections, the girls remembered that Frank's heart was broken, that he always longed to return to his beloved river, mountains, and the sea, and he did make many trips home, even was accused of building several boats, of which the *Edith Cavelle* was one, with which to trade in Newfoundland as an excuse to go there.

Then, in the pre war 1930s, the Marblehead boat builders were building wooden landing boats for the U.S. Navy. Frank went to work for Stearns & McKay, and when they had witnessed the capabilities and reliability of Frank Strickland, they suggested that he encourage others from Newfoundland to come to work for them. For a considerable period of time, Newfoundlanders dominated the shipbuilding labor force in that area.

On September 5, 1931, under the headline "Yankee Trader Sails Soon To Dicker With Remote Newfoundland Natives", a Boston newspaper, *The Boston Traveller*, printed a picture of the *Edith Cavelle* and of Captain Frank Strickland with a considerable story detailing his proposed voyage.

On Saturday, October 4, 1975, the Lynn *Daily Evening Item* printed a full page obituary amounting to a biography of Frank Strickland by his friend and admirer, Lincoln Hawkes, of Marblehead. I doubt if many of the long lists of Stricklands, or Farrells in current telephone directories of eastern Massachusetts can trace their lineage to those of the same name who immigrated from the Jersey Isles at the turn of the century to LaPoile and West Point, roadless villages on the southwest coast of Newfoundland. But stranger things have happened.

I learned of the state side life of Frank and Annie from their grandson, Ray Jones, who called to tell me that he had learned more about his forebears from my book, *The North Bay Narrative*, than he had ever known. He had received the book from his sister who lived in Las Vegas, who got it from Ray's aunt in Virginia, who in turn was given the book by a friend who had visited Newfoundland during the summer.

Knowing her friend was born in North Bay, the friend took the coastal steamer from Port aux Basques to LaPoile where she hired a local guide named Chant (one of my salmon fishing guides since 1980) who took her by motorboat to North Bay. There she talked with younger generations of Stricklands, and obtained a copy of *The North Bay Narrative* which she took home and presented to her friend.

Ray Jones, a decorated U.S. Marine, now seventy three, who lives in New Hampshire, has a collection of artifacts and pictures left from his grandfather's boat building days in Medford and the North Shore area, that includes scale models of the hulls of many of the boats that he and Frank built. He also has a video of the Coast Guard news release of the faked gun runner capture. But his memories of growing up as a member of Frank and Annie (Farrell) Strickland's family, and the love he had for them, are his finest treasures."

Finally, Walter offered the following regarding the original article we had published, reprinted from a 1927 yachting

magazine, concerned with a Boston yachtsman having a 50' motor yacht, intended for summer fishing parties in that area, built in North Bay by local builders who had never built so large a boat nor ever worked from plans:

"I passed on a copy of that article from your magazine to a Newfoundlander now living in Ontario, who I believe helped build that boat. His reply follows:"

"Received your letter with diagram of the boat *Grilse*, which I may not remember very well over the years since her building in 1927. At that time I was around 14 years of age and did not get around where the builders were working very much, what with going to school and doing up the chores that had to be done after school. But I can remember a few things about her.

When the tourists came down from the River, they would usually come around where my father and Josiah were working. So I reckon the person who owned that boat wished to have it to get to different places to fish and get a view of places around here. I enquired from them if they would take the job to build. Guess he was seeing how strongly the other boats were built so I guess these builders decided to take the job.

As they were only experienced with the way they were building their boats, and with not too much education, they had never built from a blueprint and needed some instructions concerning that. Josiah Farrell went to Boston to get more details concerning how to have the job done. So the job was taken over, and seems to turned out very well, also pleased the buyer.

Well, the party who owned the boat did very good in their transportation to different localities. I know every year they would be down. Each party would have a week travel to Garia Bay, also cruising the coast around and they'd try their luck with the fish, usually coming up the bay for a start. They came into the bay from the other side as the deeper channel was more accessible to them. They would anchor a little way outside with the boat laying on the shore over at that side. The boat was for these tourists only for their salmon fishing pleasure.

This boat was piloted by a man from LaPoile, the grandfather of the warden at the Bay, Philip Bond. The pilot's name was Walter Bond. The engineer was also from LaPoile, his name was William Piles. As far as I can remember the boat was tied up at LaPoile in the winter months. As time came for the tourists to appear she was readied for their coming, painting done up or whatever was needed. There were walkways around the cabin, she had no pilothouse, the steering was done from atop the smaller cabin in the back end, so in wet weather the pilot would have to wear waterproofs.

When the boat was launched a space had to be left open to install the motor. Once it was set in, the opening was closed in. To my knowledge the boat was taken to Port aux Basque to install the motor. When the boat of Frank Strickland blew up, if I remember right the *Grilse* was brought up to take the people who were burnt and injured to Port aux Basque.

As Leselleur owned the *Grilse* then I don't know why Dickson sold it as he was the owner from Boston, whether most of the

parties had passed away or what. But Leselleur only had it for a few years. Things were put too tight together, as they said, and it was getting dry rot. This is the way I had heard it.

So hope that this will give you some idea about the boat as to the way that I was told of things. I saw a picture of her somewhere when

she was being launched but can't seem to come up with it. I think that it was a very good writeup of the boat that you sent to me and was surprised when I found it in your letter. I thank you for forwarding it along, and if you wish it back let em know, I will do so. I still study it more.

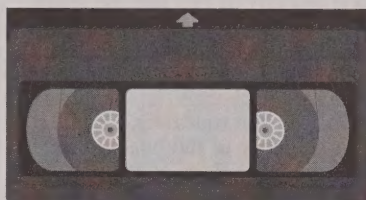
Ernest."

If all this stimulates your interest enough you can contact Walter Staples at R#1, 326 Turkey St., Tamworth, NH 03886-9718, to inquire about purchasing your own copy of his book. If you'd like to see a copy of the article which got this all going, send us a stamped self-addressed business size (#10) envelope and we'll send on a photocopy.

In one hour learn how to assemble and finish a Chesapeake Light Craft kayak. These sophisticated stitch and glue kits allow one with average skill to turn out a beautiful small craft in about 70 hours of work (plus a lot of 24 hour intervals of drying time).

This professionally filmed video gives a clear digest of the proper sequence and technique used to build a Chesapeake Light Craft from opening the shipping cartons to launching. Potential fatal errors, for example, misalignment of scarf joints of long pieces or inadvertent gluing of the wrong things together are brightly marked by pop up pictures and humorous outakes.

Panel and bulkhead kit components are precut by a computer directed 1/4" router bit. Panels are joined by a series of copper wire loops. Truing of the hull after stitching but before gluing prevents twisting and asymmetry. Once in line, all interior seams get a fillet of thick epoxy paste with a fiberglass tape overlay. The exterior has its wire twists snipped and the ends sanded flush. Fiberglass covering inside the cockpit and over the whole exterior of the kayak ensures strength and abrasion resistance. Application of resin over dry cloth allows for a beautiful finish whether bright or painted.



The Visual Approach Video Reviews

By John Hawkinson

The Zen of Wooden Kayak Building

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The basic message of this video comes across very smartly, and the lighter touches maintain ones eagerness for watching while underscoring some important information. Substitute "joy", "enthusiasm", "beauty" or "wonder" for "Zen" in the title and you get the idea behind this work. The video features John Harris of CLC in an understandable and witty scenario. Copyrighted 2001, it is up to date.



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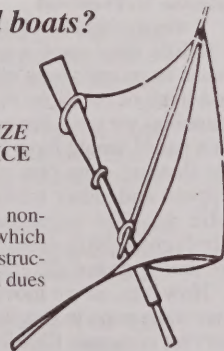
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12 More Trips Planned

I have dreamed of voyaging much of my life but only in the last few years in my semi-retirement have I been able to find time enough to indulge. This October I will float my guideboat on the last free-flowing section of the Missouri River, a 140 mile stretch in Montana. It is a National Scenic River just as it was when Lewis & Clark came through.

I now have 11 other trips lined up for as long as I last in either my guideboat or my 20' Ranger sloop:

New York state circumnavigation via the Oswego Canal, Lake Ontario, St. Lawrence River, Champlain Canal, Lake Champlain and the Erie Canal, with a diversion down and back on the Hudson River to sail around Manhattan and that important Lady in the harbor with the torch in her hand.

The upper Mississippi River from Minneapolis to St. Louis.

The Ohio River from Pittsburgh to Cairo, Illinois.

Chesapeake Bay from north to south, then down the ICW to Florida. I have sailed all of the Chesapeake with great pleasure, and also half the ICW in a 44' 20 ton sailboat with 6' draft, a disastrous voyage, one of my major misadventures, as was a trip to the Bahamas in that same boat.

The Everglades.

The ICW along the Gulf coast.

Canadian canals in Ontario.

Repeat my Willamette River trip in Oregon.

Lake Powell off-season.

Flathead Lake in Montana.

Lastly I have toyed with taking my Ranger sloop to Yellowknife to sail on great Slave Lake.

I have enough inspiration in all this to keep me going to 100, and hope it is enough for you also to live so long to be able to publish my accounts of these adventures.

Jack Horning, Seattle, WA

Editor Comments: Jack has already favored us with accounts of bygone adventures on the Erie Canal and Snake River in his guideboat and on the Snake and Columbia Rivers in his Ranger sloop.

Pollution Prevention

It was a routine pollution patrol, one that our flotilla does once a month and routine because in recent years we simply have not found trash or oil slicks in any of the creeks and marinas we visit. Ten or twelve years ago, such a patrol would have brought a dozen or more floating cans plus assorted sandwich wrappers and other trash but the boating public in this segment of the world (Wilmington, NC) seems to have become more thoughtful of the environment.

However, as we moved slowly through the no wake zone in Bradley Creek, my very observant crewman Charles Bolles spotted a 37' cruiser that seemed to be riding very low in the water so, some ten minutes later when we were returning to the ICW we went ashore

at a vacant slip to make a more careful dockside inspection. There was no doubt, she was riding low and the bilge pump was not working. Clearly something needed to be done. Such a vessel sinking would, apart from very considerable loss to the owner, have let a good quantity of fuel into the water.

There was no one at the dock so Charlie went along the walkway to the nearest condominiums while I called the Coast Guard Station by cell phone to let them know of the situation. A short time later, Charlie returned with a neighbor of the boat owner. He was able to check the shore power unit and it was working. At this point, knowing that the boat owner was out of town (it turned out he was in Georgia), the good neighbor went to try to find a member of the family, hoping that by entering the cabin we might be able to turn on a bilge pump.

By sheer good fortune he found a daughter just as she was about to drive away, but she did not have a key to the boat. She did, however, know who had a key and went off to do some serious telephoning. I kept the Station informed and was asked to stand

In time a lady with a key arrived at the dock and went aboard, but she was unable to turn on a bilge pump, dead battery. At her invitation, Charlie Bolles went aboard and opened the engine compartment to discover approximately 4' of water. The head was also flooded.

"The mechanic is on his way," said the lady. We urged her not to wait for a mechanic but to call Sea Tow or Boat US with a bilge pump asap. She did. We passed on the news to the Station and continued our patrol, one that turned into prevention. The Auxiliary does help boaters in a wide variety of ways but this was a new one for me.

Tom Shaw, Coast Guard Auxiliary, Wilmington, NC

Information of Interest...

Some News from Maine

We attended Alex Hadden's launching of his new creation, *Noble Cab*, last spring.. It was a beautiful day, the tide was coming in as his Atkin's tunnel drive slid into the water. A beautiful launching of a superbly built vessel. Alex is much too modest to make a big deal of his accomplishment but, believe me, the boat is gorgeous. Alex lives, and has his shop, down the road from us in Georgetown, and a lot of the appreciative crowd was there for the launching. The *Noble Cab* slid into her element, pranced, with nary a wake, in front of our eyes, and took off for the Five Island's Wharf of Georgetown, a short cruise south, along the shoreline of Georgetown Island.

For non local readers, Georgetown Island is a bridged island, with Reid State Park, south of Bath, Maine (I too read some of the articles in *MAIB*, which do not give identification to the whereabouts of the adventure, and it frustrates me).

At the Five Island's Wharf, we were invited to a spin in the *Noble Cab*. The owner truly picked a very appropriate name for her

new vessel. In 1994 Alex built Pete Culler's Fast Outboard Launch (*Olive*) for the same customer. It proves that there are still people with good taste, who know that "Life is too short to own an ugly boat".

Martha and I just completed a Bolger Auray Punt, stretched from 10' to 12' for our own use with a 2hp Honda, but also with the capability for being rowed. Phil made a positive comment on our efforts. The other day we got into a tidal rip, and if it had not been for Martha's forceful rowing to supplement the little Honda, we would have stuck in the same place until the tide turned. We used to have an 8hp Honda, satisfactory in every aspect, but too heavy for me to lug around.

Two 10' Auray Punts which we built in the late 90s are happily living in Nova Scotia and Culebra, P.R., respectively. Recently I received a report, written in a French boating magazine, from a friend of mine who lives in Bretagne, France, about the origin of the Auray Punt, described by Phil Bolger in his book *Boats With An Open Mind*. It seems that this little punt with her long overhanging bow's ancestry stems from a locally built tender of the Forbans du Bono, sailing fishing shallops in use during more than half of the 19th century. These tenders were known as "moj plad", I guess it is in Breton, a language which was still spoken in Bretagne when I lived there some sixty years ago. It means "Flat Snout" in today's French. So we now call our red painted punt, which we had named *Isabella* (after Martha's mother who liked anything red) *Isabella Flat Snout*.

Hans Waecker, Georgetown, ME



Strange Pictures of PWCs

The first photo shows an odd juxtaposition of a PWC on a sea of beer, Budweiser to be exact. Well, maybe it is not so strange. After all, don't some people have a few Buds when out in their PWCs?

The second picture shows a his and hers pair of PWCs with their year's supply of fuel. No wonder we need to drill for oil in the Alaskan wilderness preserve. We would not want to run short of fuel would we?

This may be sort of "tongue in cheek", my brother in law has a couple of these things

and I really enjoyed riding one around his lake. His lake is an artificial pond, the shore of which is totally occupied by BIG houses. There are a few rules on this lake. You cannot have more than two boats per house. You must drive your craft in a clockwise direction around the lake, least you go against the traffic flow and cause gridlock. The speed limit is 55mph, enforced by water police with radar guns. It is a perfect place for PWCs.

George Fulk, Tahquelah, OK



Opinions...

Let's Have More John Welsford Designs

Thanks to *MAIB* I was introduced to the work of John Welsford, the New Zealand boat designer and author. Recently I learned that John has designed a boat called Truant, a day sailer with near catboat proportions at 11'6" x 5'4-1/2", and since I am an incurable catboat lover, I was immediately attracted to it.

From what I've seen on Duckworks and from John's own website, Truant seems ideal for a young family with children, teenagers who are learning to sail, or mature adults who may be a bit less agile. Although it's difficult to admit, I fit that last category.

I've compared Truant to a number of other boats in that size range, and I find that Truant has many desirable qualities, including what I call hassle free features, fairly lightweight, spacious interior, and simple lug rig. According to John, it can be transported on a garden style trailer, and it is easy to launch and retrieve. Over the years I've learned that less hassle means more use.

I'm hoping John will submit an article to *MAIB* about Truant, because I believe other folks will see the practical beauty of the design. Perhaps we can start a Welsford Builders' Forum in order to share ideas and suggestions and to provide encouragement during the building process. I'd love to hear from anyone who has plans for Truant or who may be building one of John's other designs.

Ferris Anthony, 8680 Oakwood Ln., North Royalton, OH 44133

Editor Comments: We have another of John's designs featured in this issue, his minimum cruiser Tread Lightly.

Make the Jump Bob!

Stamps and their licking are a thing of the past. In 2002, your subscribers really have to want to contact you, really have to want to

support your ongoing small boat editorial efforts, if said contact can only be made through the US Mail! I just returned from a 500 mile run through the Canadian Gulf Islands in my 20' Tolman skiff and have a few pictures to share with you and fellow small boat enthusiasts. Digital pictures! Make the jump Bob; it's not that far from the dock.

The July 15 issue reviewed Bolger's beautiful Shivarree 18. I'd be interested in his impression of the Tolman skiff design should he ever have a chance to operate one. The Tolman does have the additional deadrise forward of the console as well as more deadrise at the transom and takes chop wonderfully. I, like the Australian operator of the Shivarree 18 in the review, had a "moment" in Canada: I didn't know from my California boating background that ocean going tug boats throw off huge wakes when running unencumbered I watched such a tug pass in front of me at a right angle only to see a huge wake coming my way. The second of these wakes was a tall, translucent green wall. I was wondering if the canvas dodger would hold the flood but like the Shivarree, the Tolman corked over with not a drop aboard. My wife and I were thrilled; the folks in the bowrider 200 yard down channel, however, were not so pleased with their craft's design!

Bruce Armstrong, Santa Barbara, CA

Projects...

Paper Wee Lassie Project

Gordon Towle of Westbrook, Connecticut, sent me the following:

"Just a note to let you know of my latest Wee Lassie diversion, a paper Wee Lassie built over a Lassie hull. I basically followed some suggestions from Bishop's book, and from Walter Fullam's article in the *Princeton Review* which suggested around six layers of paper and white glue, followed by some layers of cheesecloth, and a final two or three layers of paper. After lifting the paper skin off the canoe mold, I fitted stem pieces, a keel, outwales, and steam bent ribs of white cedar about 3/16" thick. I tried to avoid use of any materials which Bishop would not have had available for his canoe.

The finished boat with about eight coats of varnish so far weighs in at 18lbs and paddles very well indeed. Building it required around two weeks of intermittent work and so far has cost around \$30, including three Sunday papers which I needed in order to have enough of the funnies to use as a final cover on the outside of the hull."

An interesting canoe. I started building a paper canoe a long time ago, and gave it up after I had a couple of layers of paper towels in place. Should have used newspaper, it evidently takes the curves better. Live and learn.

Mac McCarthy, *The WeeLassie*, Feather Canoes, 1705 Andreas Pl., Sarasota, FL 34235

This Magazine...

What's the Hurry?

Reading your "Commentary" in the August 15 issue my smile grew wider as I found myself in agreement with your feelings about the instant world of today. "I prefer stress-free scheduling of my days." Yes!

Articles like "I Went Sailing Today" are so refreshing and unique to *MAIB*. One has to have been out in motorboats and experienced the impact of their noise, the pounding, the unrelenting loudness, in order to have greater appreciation for the sounds of silence on the water.

The many notes of splashes, wavelets and waves, the hum of wind in the ears when sensing its direction, the strum of the rigging in gale force winds, the calls of gulls and the bells of buoys, the deep throb of machinery from a passing tanker; none of which can be heard over the high whining of an outboard motor.

As you say, what's the hurry?

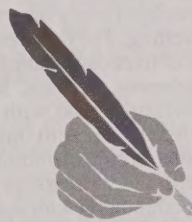
Charles Hewins, Philadelphia, PA

What I Liked

I liked the outboard motor repair article a few issues ago, a good example of how one can pick one's way through a problem one is largely ignorant about, using common sense and seeking outside help at crucial points, and be successful.

A sentence in another article a few months ago discussing jet skiers sticks in my mind for its breezy wackyness, which went something like this: "Zigzagging wildly, their DNA altered by hydrocarbon pollution, they require noise and blurred scenery to function."

Jim Casey, Newport, RI.



Poet's Corner...

Sailing Across The Bay

I think I'll go sailing today.
Yes, I will go sailing....
Sailing across the Bay.

My Potter is rigged
and ready to go...
Sailing across the Bay

The wind is just right
for sailing...
Sailing across the Bay

As wind fills our sails,
happiness prevails...
Sailing across the Bay

You ask why I'm alone,
on such a nice day...
Sailing across the Bay

My friend, don't despair,
my dear Piglet is here...
Sailing across the Bay

Sailing across the Bay.
Yes, we're sailing...
Sailing across the Bay.
Sailing across the Bay
Bill Nolen

Undoubtedly the most pleasurable of all history studies is reading Chapelle's ageless *American Small Sailing Craft*. The jacket announces "Over 100 plans and illustrations", a rough count of different types listed in the Index numbers over 60! Many of these can be described as indigenous or living or occurring naturally in an area; native. Boating enthusiasts may be pleased with prospects of much continuation of the process.

The outstanding example of this I see as Phil Bolger's lightweight Gloucester Gull dorys, that is, leaving his drafting table to activate the building process of a lovely and useful small boat. Chapelle notes around 1856 the banks dory was built in amazing numbers by various shops. Its outstanding feature was removable thwart allowing efficient nesting. Chapelle notes its light weight which could well be a feature of comparison of other boats built at the time. Other historians note building by off season farmers of considerable planking thickness. Water soaked, the general impression of dories is one of sledge like construction hardly amendable to easy rowing. One pundit describes many such heavy boats as having to be pryed along. Naturally the advent of good plywoods was a major contribution to an area that formerly felt the material should be assigned only to construction of fish shacks and outhouses...

One recent dramatic development is the Mackenzie Dorys or "drift boats" for use in whitewater river travels. Utilization of dramatic rocker and flare seems to fit well in waters that throw waves from every direction including vertical upwelling. The flare seems questionable from loss of freeboard amidships and oar lock/oar attachment. Perhaps, here again Phil Bolger can forge ahead with his plumb sides that clearly present many advantages. Other naval architects/builders express displeasure with the type except for drifting, consisting of communing with nature and fly fishing. Unequivocally, both bow and stern need great flare for lift.

My thoughts involve a one person whitewater craft, probably paddled for immediate course correction as noted in ocean surfing. The general modus operandi seems to paddle stern first taking advantage of the bumper qualities of high tombstern transoms against such as rocks. Certainly, kayaks per se traverse whitewater courses but those that

Norm's Notes



It's Time For The Doryak

perform slaloms midstream are foreshortened. Conversely, the erstwhile ocean/cruising kayak of extreme fore & aft deck lengths is oxymoronic in whitewater. Observe their progress carefully and you'll see either deck submerged with the occupant looking vertically at the sky or water. Recently, I observed a long one getting stopped by a rock amidship. In short order the waves simply broke it in two.

Inevitably the point of eskimo roll recoveries from being inverted comes up. I recommend a hard nosed attitude that NO eskimo roll techniques be relied upon. The rapid submersion can cause shock, hypothermia, head impact, all sorts of disorientation. My concept of a Doryak with its high ends should strongly resist overturning. If knocked flat, the double paddle can be used effectively for righting. Overall the situation looks like rock climbing, no interest, confidence, need, nor support. Truly a real accomplishment for those who need it. Definitely not me.

Construction of the Doryak may be a natural for the stitch & glue method. Thickness of plywood sides and bottom are wide open. Outright impact against rocks seems the major accident causative and, while fiberglass strength is incontestable, technical sheet data has claims that Dacron is considerably more abrasion resistant. Some fore and aft decking is indicated, perhaps of

water shedding fabric that is removeable for nesting.

Development of latter day messabout groups constitutes a most welcome activity that otherwise requires one vehicle/trailer unit per entrant. If the Doryak LOA is less than 8', it can be nested crosswise on legal trailers or else in line. Messabout camping and boating requires individual family equipment so the best that can be obtained by nested Doryaks is a significant decrease in trailers needed to be towed to events.

On occasion, portaging is required, and the size and weight doesn't vary much from canoes and other widely used craft. The thought of an inset wheel aft of the forefoot sounds unacceptable but it would help in walking the vessel thru shallows. The double paddle shaft would probably be knocked down in two lengths. Thus the stalwart holdout again tradition and public opinion could perform a wheelbarrow trick in portaging his Doryak. After all, we are conducting a gentle assault against limiting traditions.

Considerable TV footage appears on whitewater boating, and individuals can learn much accordingly grading their personal abilities. One event that sticks in my mind is a kayak going over a fall and getting firmly jammed while inverted. Only the presence of a knowledgeable fellow kayaker saved the unfortunate by pulling him out submerged while the kayak was inextricable. All major whitewater courses are graded by severity of rapids involved, so there are few surprises. And the voyager always has an option of shore grounding to visually assess what lies ahead. Also, a convenient method is to float vessels minus passengers by a tow rope in bypassing questionable waters.

While commercial river guides transport thousands of persons safely through rapids, I find reactions of large inflatables far from ideal. The passengers get a real rough ride, and occasionally pitched out by real lumpy waves or ramming head on into a standing wave. The tiny Doryak doesn't come up wanting by comparison as perhaps its individual occupant can perform better than an enmass group. However, in all cases, like Scuba diving, by all means avoid solo performances in favor of group companionship.

SHIVER ME TIMBERS by: Robert Summers





Our National Class C Sailing Canoe Championship on September 7 and 8 at the Whitney Point Reservoir in Whitney Point, New York took place in less wind than I have ever seen at any of our races. The reservoir was completely flat as can be seen in the photo, where the reflections are almost as clear as the canoes themselves.

It was a great challenge for the race committee to set the marks, as neither a feather nor a cassette tape would indicate a wind direction so the starting line and windward marks could be set.

Just 80 miles to our north a Laser regatta was cancelled for fear of never completing even one race, but canoe sailors are a dedicated lot and they came on from Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut,

Canoe Sailors National Championship Becalmed

By Charles Durgin

Pennsylvania and Ohio and were not going to give up this regatta.

Jim Bowman clearly bested the field, winning four out of four races by substantial margins, something he has done several times in the past. It could hardly be called exciting

racing yet the placings of the runner up 2nd through 5th places were separated by only 3 points, with finishes very hard to call in some cases. Sunday's final race had a bit more wind, but not much.

The sociability of our group makes our regattas fun experiences and we wrapped it all up with a fine dinner at a Whitney Point restaurant.

Spectators displayed much curiosity about the "C" Class canoe rigs and were amazed that they sailed each of the three Saturday races in less than 90 minutes despite no wind. I often wonder how anyone can own and enjoy a canoe and not add a sail rig to it to enjoy a whole new dimension to this great sport, cruising or competing with other dedicated canoe sailors.

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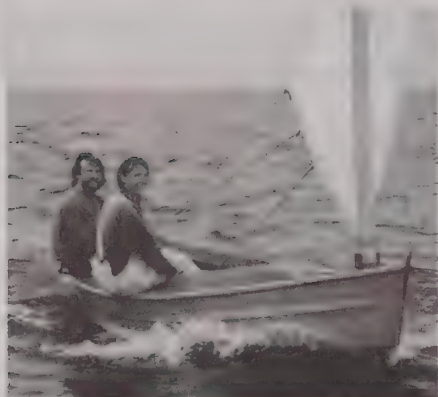
APBY 14' cats in close formation.

The 10th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering & Race was held on, the 24th of August, on Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay. After a hot and sunny summer, the sky on this day was gray, but it never did rain and the wind held steadily from the northeast at 10 knots. The threatening weather and a downwind start did not deter participants from making this year's race the biggest event yet. Eighty one boat owners signed up with sixty six starting and sixty one finishing the course.

The annual gathering was first held ten years ago to celebrate the Arey's Pond Cat and other classic catboats indigenous to Cape Cod and has since been expanded to include other traditional boat designs. This year's event brought together a dazzling array of sailboats that were exceptionally beautiful in style and color. Standouts included Lee Scarborough's black hulled Sandbagger *Sorceress*, Conrad Geiser's Cotuit Skiff, Garner Lestages' 1978 Areys 14 Cat with a new Egyptian Dacron sail, Tony Delnegro and Scott Laird sailing their claret red Areys 14s across the finish line within seconds of each other, and Ray Heus' William Garden yawl *Wendy*.

It was a race of tactics with a down wind start and a beat back through the narrows.

Conrad Geiser's Cotuit skiff.



The 10th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering & Race

By Robin Davis

Participants had to rethink racing strategy for the course since for the past nine years years the race has started into the wind with the finish being a down wind run. Despite the unusual wind direction, the top three finishers in each class broke course records. Bruce Hammett in is his new Wianno Sr. *Odette*, sailing in the traditional boat class, had the fastest course time overall. Joe Tamsky in his Marshall 18 *Stella A* won the Marshall & Herreshoff America Class, and Burt Staniar

in *Pandora* took the 20' & Over Catboat Class. Dan Gould and Robin Davis had the fastest time in the Areys Pond 16' Lynx category in Dan's boat *Djiril*. The 15' and under class was won by John and Cookie Friedler in a Minuteman Cat, followed closely by Neal Donovan in an Areys Pond 14 Cat. Roy Terwilliger took the Beetle class in *Missy*.

Barry Donahue in his Whitehall wooden rowing boat and many other members of the Cape Cod Vikings Rowing Club were among the many spectators and photographers undeterred by the threatening weather.

A cookout and awards ceremony took place at Areys Pond Boat Yard following the race. In honor of the 10th anniversary of the event, half models were awarded to first place finishers Garner Lestage (Areys 14' Cat *Prudence*) and Carl Watt (Areys 16' Lynx *Catalyst*) who came over from Martha's Vineyard.

A Dunbar Monomy, Wianno Sr. and Sandbagger (from right).



Pleasant Bay Under Siege

There was also an award for the fastest boat sailed by a 16 year old or younger which went to Malcolm Howes who sailed his father's Marshall 22 to an impressive 2nd place finish in class. Tony Dias won the broken rudder award. During the Friday warm up race sailing his cat *Harry* in a stiff 18knts from the northeast the rudder blade broke. A Friday night fix lasted for a good part of the Saturday race but after holding good position Tony had to bail out.

In recognition of the environmentally fragile site of this race, this event served, as it has for the past few years, as a fund raiser for The Friends of Pleasant Bay. Entry fees along with additional donations resulted in a \$1,100 donation to the Friends of Pleasant Bay. Tony Davis, owner of Areys Pond Boat Yard, expressed his appreciation to Areys Pond customers for their participation in the event especially the Duggin family who have competed in every single race in their Areys 14 *Hannonia*. There was also special acknowledgment of race committee members Bob Platten and Bob Wilkinson, owner of the committee boat, the Areys Pond Pleasant Bay Launch *Judith*.

A spectator beholding the 61 gaff-rigged boats sailing in a close down wind pack could well imagine what the waters of Cape Cod may have looked like on a daily basis many years ago.



The Garden yawl *Lindy* and two APBY 16' Lynx cats at The Narrows.



The Macort/Hamilton Baybird sloop.

Bruce Hammett's new Wianno Sr. setting fastest time of the day.



A happy crew aboard Lee Scarborough's Sandbagger at the finish.

The Crucetti/Donovan Great South Bay cat, indigenous to Long Island's Great South Bay.



Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay, on which this Arey's Pond cat gathering takes place annually, and on which small boat people have enjoyed sailing, rowing and paddling for generations, certainly has its likenesses all along our ocean coastlines. A moderate sized embayment of salt water with access to the sea via an inlet or inlets, protected from severe ocean conditions, surrounded by the unique ecosystem of salt marsh created by the admixture of salt and fresh waters.

This sort of environment is also a choice spot for shellfishing and it is from this direction that Sandy MacFarlane approaches Pleasant Bay in her book, *Rowing Forward, Looking Back*. Despite this title, there is very little in the book about the pleasures of rowing, or any other sort of small boating, for they are but one aspect of the larger picture which Sandy wishes to bring to her reader's attentions, the accelerating degradation of such wonderful enclaves of the ocean by rapid development along their shorelines brought on by our affluent society's desire for waterfront property.

Sandy's vehicle of choice for inspecting this environment was her rowboat on her first job 25 years ago as an assistant shellfish warden for the town of Orleans which, with the adjacent towns of Eastham and Chatham, enclose the landward side of Pleasant Bay, the seaward side enclosed by barrier beaches of the Cape Cod National seashore. So right off, the author, after setting the scene from her rowing excursion around the bay, digs into the muddy bottom of the bay and the collapse of its quahoag shellfishing about 25 years ago when she first came face to face with.

Sandy's book is no tiresome rant from an ultra-green standing on the sidelines of some environmental disaster in the making, it's a wonderfully written evocation of an environmental situation from someone right down in the mud of the bay, wrestling with the problem and what to do about it daily, someone who didn't just point and shout, but worked at the task for a quarter century. She tells us of how it all goes down when her hometown is overwhelmed by a tidal wave of affluent retirees, all of whom want to build their trophy homes along the shores of Pleasant Bay.

As these pressures mount, Sandy's career moves ahead until she becomes the town's conservation commission executive director, a job from which she has just now retired after giving her all to the cause for a quarter century, giving her time to write her book for all of us who value such seashore environments to learn from.

The 300 page book, a top quality paperback, has been privately published by The Friends of Pleasant Bay, an organization which has worked for years to protect its beloved bay. It can be ordered for \$22.95 plus \$3.50 shipping from The Friends of Pleasant Bay, P.O.Box 845, S.Orleans, MA 02662, or by downloading an order form from www.fopb.org. Nice to know is that all net proceeds from sales of the book go right into the ongoing efforts to protect this lovely bay.



The reflection of the morning sun blazed a thoroughfare of shimmering gold eastward through Whaleback Channel. Genoa filled with a steady north wind, *True North* reached eagerly along toward the Spanish River. Water showing just the occasional whitecap always indicates the perfect level of wind strength for the genny. The maximum reading on our vertical water tube knotmeter is 7, and this reach had the water pushing up right to the top. Ol' Moby was thinking, "It doesn't get much better." When the wind waned in the narrows, we fired up the ten horse Yammerhammer and motor sailed, never slowing to less than five knots. Gayle checked this with the knot meter.

A crisis with our potty prompted the early start for Spanish, but as tomorrow would be our last day out, we also wanted to see how far east we could get by leaving our friends in the Shallow Water Sailor Magnum Opus behind to stir in their berths. I'll spare you the details, but the problem with the potty involved more than just capacity.

Turning into the mouth of the Spanish River toward the Spanish Marina, one of the finest we've found anywhere, the wind fell off in the lee of the high hills of mainland Ontario, so we furled *True North's* sails and powered up the channel at six to seven knots. Again, this was confirmed by our knotmeter, which becomes a fountain at speeds exceeding 7 knots. Hey, the crew can't be allowed to merely sit around all morning doing nothing!

A most pleasant surprise at the marina was to have out lines taken at the service wharf by Rod and Ondine Brandon, a couple from Peterborough, Ontario whom I knew only from the Bulletin Board on the Trailer Sailor Web Site. They had overheard our call to the Harbor Master (his VHF is amplified all over the harbor) and had left the task of securing their Ensenada 20, *Serendipity*, on its trailer and returned to the wharf to meet us. We all wished we'd had a few hours instead of minutes for getting acquainted.

I had known that Rod and Ondine were cruising the North Channel, however, periodic radio calls throughout the week had gone unanswered. Experienced cruisers in Lake Huron from the North Channel to Georgian Bay, they are a great resource for folks posting questions on the TSBB. Rod also has a very informative Website.

Our business completed, we headed out toward Little Detroit Channel under power,

True North's Golden Thoroughfare

bound for the Benjamin Islands. Meanwhile, the wind had backed to the southwest and increased to force four so we ducked into Shoepack Bay, north of Little Detroit to have lunch. We hanked on the working jib before setting out for the Benjamins.

The starboard reach around the west side of Eagle Island was nothing short of spectacular. Three and four foot beam seas rolled under *True North*, to break on the rocky SW shore of Eagle Island to leeward. Gayle was too intent using both hands to merely hang on to snap any photos. The Moby Skipper was fully engaged in steering and spotting the exact location of some rocks along our course. Anyway, photos might not have conveyed the fact that this turned out to be the single most thrilling passage ever made in *True North*. Moby now knows that truly, "It doesn't get any better than this."

It was *True North's* good fortune to have her single leeboard, with its forty pounds of lead ballast, to windward. She generally behaves a bit "squirrelly" when sizable seas pass under her beam in a fresh breeze. A deeper rudder might help, with a foil section, too.

Continuing around the south side of Eagle Island, we found the wind and waves abated in the lee of Hook Island, and remained so for the rest of the way around South Benjamin. Making it as far as the Benjamins turned out to be a lead pipe cinch, and what is more, early enough in the afternoon to enjoy them to the fullest. Passing through the Sow and Pigs on the southeast side of South Benjamin, we got a few chuckles from the confused radio chatter among several powerboaters negotiating the "Sows and Piggys". One boat had gone through earlier, and apparently another pair were on their way soon, but fortunately for us, not presently.

Motoring into the anchorage between North and South Benjamin, we were pleased to find the shallow pool SWS have used previously utterly empty. We moored *True North* along a low finger of pink granite that slopes ever so gradually into the pool, positioning our dock board under the hull to provide a fender. We'd sailed thirty three

miles in a little less than six hours on the water, an outstanding performance for *True North*.

Our afternoon wine, which Gayle poured in the cockpit under our new bimini, was interrupted by a radio call out of the blue from Tim Ruggles, another friend from the Trailer Sailer bulletin board, whom we had met last winter at Strictly Sail in Chicago. Tim had just taken a chance that we might hear his call. His O'Day 25 was anchored at a nearby island. Tim and his children hoped to sail to the Benjamins the next day.

Minutes later we got another radio call from Joy Tarrant, an old friend from the Rockford Yacht Club, who had overheard my chat with Tim. She and husband, Dave had been cruising with their Grandson for two weeks in their McGregor 26, the *Mucky Duck*. They were anchored back in Shoepack Bay with a small group of Mac 26s (part of a much larger Trailer Sailer flotilla) near where we had set sail just hours earlier. We made a date to meet for brunch in the morning.

After the storms experienced at Trumbull Island Thursday night, sleep was peaceful in the shelter of the Benjamins.

True North was underway early Saturday morning, speaking a red 30' Express Cruiser on our way out one of the narrow, rocky west passages between the Benjamins. Somewhat resembling a Hinkley Picnic Boat, a style I particularly like, the elegant motor vessel had captured my eye the previous afternoon. The white haired skipper, accompanied by three equally white haired ladies, said she was built by Ellis. With nothing but zephyrs for wind, and miles to go for brunch, we motored at about eight knots (gauge spouting out the top) up the east sides of Eagle and Frechette Islands, then west through McBean Channel.

This may sound a sour note to a few of our Shallow Water Sailing friends in Dovekies, but Phil Bolger designs fine motor vessels, and her yawl rig notwithstanding, *True North* is one example. He frequently writes about the virtues of Yamaha HT outboards. We've certainly become true believers in our Yammerhammer. At seven or eight knots our Shearwater's bow wave curls over three feet aft of the cutwater and she leaves very little wake. She wouldn't leave any at all if I'd keep her speed under six knots, but that is extremely hard for me to do. Compare that with other auxiliary cruisers throwing up all sorts of whitewater around their bows. It's a question of efficiency.



Halfway along McBean Channel we spied the distinctive profile of a Shearwater two miles ahead, lying at anchor in a small cove south of Little Detroit Channel. Our 7x binocs revealed three Dovekies, two Shearwaters, and a Martha Jane; the Magnum Opus company led by Dean Meledones in the *Blue Heron*. So we veered left to say howdy do, sounding our conch as we entered their cove. Harry and Alice Mote in the *Ardea* reported excellent sailing the previous day, similar to ours, just a later start.

Brunch alongside the *Mucky Duck* proved worth the trip. Dave and Joy were among the first people I'd met in the RYC when we moved to Illinois from Duluth in 1991. My daughter, Laura, has a pair of cats which were born at the Tarrants' home. We shared a few laughs over the fact that the MO flotilla and the Trailer Sailors both had boats in their company named *Zephyr* and *Carpe Diem*, a coincidence that had generated some confusing radio traffic over the previous couple of days.

Too soon it was time to head back into Spanish. Motoring out of Shoepack Bay toward Little Detroit Channel, we encountered the MO Flotilla heading for Spanish, too. They would refresh for another week of fun in the North Channel. *True North* would be loaded up for the trip home.

Fourteen miles down the road toward Blind River the right rear wheel on the trailer abandoned its contribution to the team and rolled off by itself. Our noble Silverado just kept pulling as if nothing had happened.

People in a motorhome managed to pass us two miles further along and shout the bad news. The pavement had ground away some metal, mostly u bolts, but the axle spindle was still OK.

Marks carved in the pavement pinpointed the break, but we never did find the wheel in the dense roadside brush and weed. A couple of motorists who had seen the wheel roll away had stopped to look for it before we could unhitch and return to the scene. Their myriad paths through the cattails prevented my determining the track of the wheel. Not wearing her sea boots in the search, Gayle suffered an encounter with poison ivy.

Any shops having replacement parts were closed for a three day Civic Holiday, so we parked *True North* in the nearest driveway, introduced ourselves to the understanding residents, and returned to Spanish to book a room in Vance's Motel.

Sunday afternoon, the Canadian Tire store in Elliot Mines yielded bearing grease, new U bolts, a measuring tape, a steel bar for fabricating brackets, and a socket wrench. I couldn't walk past a FDNY hat expressing the bond between Canada and the USA.

Monday, on our way over to Manitoulin Island, we found a single, solitary auto repair garage in Massey that was open for some reason. The proprietor not only fabricated suspension brackets from my steel bar using his acetylene torch, but also provided addresses and phone numbers of two likely sources for a new wheel hub in Sudbury. I

gave the guy a bigger bill than he asked for, and told him to keep the change.

Early Tuesday morning in Sudbury, the first source turned out to be a utility trailer manufacturer having new pre greased hub and bearing assemblies of the appropriate size lined up on a shelf. I bought two, because the bearings I'd removed from the opposite wheel showed excessive wear, in spite of being well greased. *True North's* trailer was built in Toronto in 1987, and the hub and bearing size turns out to be common in Canada.

Having brought along a hydraulic floor jack and a pile of wooden blocks, we were able to put everything together quickly and get on the road once again by 11pm Tuesday.

Faire Winds, Y'awl, Moby Nick





Downtown Savannah in the rain.

"Wake up Julie, we're on the outskirts of Savannah!" After trailering for 5 hours from the mountains in western North Carolina, we were ready to begin our adventure and sail with the tall ships in the Savannah Maritime Festival organized to kick off the Olympic flag arrival in Savannah for the 1996 Olympic Games.

We decided to put our 14' Peep Hen, *Julie II*, in at a small shrimping village about 10 miles south on the I.C.W. After checking out the launching ramp, we left the boat in a restaurant's parking lot and ate lunch at a local (i.e. "dumpy") seafood place with newspapers for table cloths and an 18" hole in the center of the table with a garbage can underneath it for scraps and shells. While eating a great meal of oysters, etc., we overlooked shrimp boats tied up on the I.C.W. across the street. Afterwards, we walked down to the Palmer Johnson shipyard and saw work being carried out on 150' motor yachts in the yard.

Around 6pm the weather was fine as we put the boat in the water and started motoring up the scenic Wilmington River, entering the Savannah River after dark on a very beautiful

Pinch Penny Cruising In a Peep Hen

Part 5 - Savannah/Beaufort Adventure

By Julie and Bob Nelsen

evening and eventually anchoring trailer/sailor style with the bow tied to a tree on an island and an anchor over the stern. As we snacked we could see the town's historic waterfront and the domed courthouse all lit up, so was the paddleboat, *River Queen*, going up and down the river. There were bands playing Dixie music in open tents and across the river was a 50' Danish sailboat.

Ahead of her were five or six tugboats with yellow lights along their decks coming and going all night to escort great 1,000' long container ships, 200' high. As we were within 100' of them, we were lucky they were so quiet and threw very little wake. We assumed we would be chased out of there as the Coast Guard was all around in preparation for *Eagle's* arrival. But maybe they just did not see us with our small boat and flashlight style bow light and brass cargo oil lamp swinging from the boom gallows on the stern. Perhaps the Coast Guard's reaction on seeing us was, "I don't know sir, it looks like a small log with a bow and stern light tied to it, let's ignore it!" Anyway as Bogy says in all his movies, "This is the stuff dreams are made of." I didn't sleep more than two hours, the view was so beautiful!

Next morning we motored over to the fancy Hyatt to eat breakfast and (to make along story short) found that in attempting to maintain their image, they didn't want any dinghy sized sailboat cluttering up their docks beside the 60' to 80' boats already there, so we were refused dock space. Definitely not an equal opportunity dockmaster! Oh well! We got donuts and tea from a street vendor and tied up to a piling downstream in a swift current.

It was a very cloudy day and it soon started to rain lightly adding to the excitement as Coast Guard helicopters were all over the place and, around 8am, sure enough, we saw their cadet training ship, *Eagle*, coming out of the fog. She's a barque 295' long with masts 150' high, and was approaching with all kinds of sailboats and powerboats buzzing around her. With the rain, cannon blasts, bands playing and crowds cheering, we got into the spirit of the occasion and cast off and motored within the crowds of boats in very choppy seas.

"Get closer," said my bride. But with cavitation and potential accidents waiting to happen I chose to circle around and drift back past *Eagle*. The Coast Guard really didn't want anyone too close. *Eagle* had all her sails up (but only for effect) as well as crewmen manning the yards. She also had a tug tied alongside and was pushed into the pier along the shore.

After two or three hours of this rainy madness and, being the only trailer/sailors representative in memorable Savannah maritime history, we decided to sail back to Thunderbolt as the swift summer tide was in our favor and the skies were clearing. On the way, we passed an older couple on a 40' sailboat heeled over to about 30 degrees waiting for the tide to come back in as they were on a sandbar. The woman was knitting in the stern and the man didn't return our waves. I figured they had another 4-5 hours to go.

We tied our boat to a dinghy dock in about 10" of water and walked across the street for some more oysters. Julie wanted to film the Thunderbolt Seafood Festival so I cast off and sailed up and down the picturesque Wilmington River. At least this river was clean compared with the filthy Savannah River. I picked har up around dusk and we sailed downstream to the Palmer Johnson area and dropped anchor waiting for the night light boat parade to begin at 8pm. It started at the place where they will hold the Olympic regatta events in '96, the finish will be at Thunderbolt.

At around 9:30 we saw a line of 75 100 boats of all sizes, they were all lit up under a beautiful clear starry sky as they came from the south. Julie said, "Look at that sailboat coming up." Sure enough it was about 40' long with Christmas lights all over the spreaders and masts, and loud Hawaiian music playing. There was a hula girl on the spreaders and another on the bowsprit swaying back and forth to the loud music, with flowers all over. On the port side deck were about 20 not quite sober guys. They were bare chested and lit sparklers as they passed us. We didn't realize we were near the judges stand. And what really made it great was a guy in a 25' Boston Whaler motoring in front of their boat, his job was to shine a beam of light on the gal on the bowsprit. With the music blaring what a great idea!

Another two guys had two small powerboats spaced about 20' 30' apart and, in lights, an Olympic symbol all lit up. It was a really great parade, even though one sailboat came a little too close to us. By the time they got to Thunderbolt, most crews were feeling no pain.

We pulled up our anchor about 11:30pm and motored upstream to drop it in a soon to be mud flat (at 3am) but spent another great



night on board. The tide returned at around 7am and we motored over to the boat ramp and took the boat out, then drove downtown to park and do touristy things in the historic district. We ate at the Hyatt. Our philosophy is: What we save on motels we spend on eats. Or, as they say in Jersey, "Sleep like rats, eat like kings!" Anyway it works for us. Our Hyatt brunch cost more than six great oyster meals yesterday but the view from the second floor dining room was outstanding overlooking *Eagle* and the river where we had anchored out a few nights before.

Afterwards, on a typical southern September morning, we toured *Eagle* and walked in the historic area to the shops and the beautiful downtown parks with Spanish moss hanging from the trees.

We decided to pull out of Savannah about 3pm as I expected every drunken powerboat within 200 miles to descend on this area for weekend festivities and bumper car type boating. So we trailered up the coast to sleepy Beaufort, S.C. (Scene of the *Prince of Tides* and *The Great Santana* movies). As it rained very heavily, we took a motel for the night and we ate Italian. (Why is this place empty at 7pm on a Friday night?).

We left the boat at the motel on Saturday morning and drove down towards Parris Island where I asked a local for directions. But with his gullah dialect (African dialect from slave times in outlying S.C. low country areas) and my never to be lost Joisey accent, with a touch of lower class Bronx thrown in, it was so hard for us to understand each other that I gave up, and he was relieved I'm sure. Nothing's worse than a damn Yankee except one with North Carolina number plates.

Julie couldn't figure out why I was laughing when I saw a D.I. screaming at boots on a marine base. It brought back a flood of memories from the navy and I said, "If you couldn't laugh at it you'd shoot yourself!" A quote from a machinist's mate comes to mind, he said he "Wouldn't take a million dollars for the experiences and give two cents to do it all over again!"

We returned to beautiful "Beaufort by the Bay" with its historic ambience only to be told by the waitress (lobster again!) that the Klan was marching to protest screaming street preachers from a nearby Bible college. Needless to say the Chamber of Commerce was not amused and had about 70 state troopers and SWAT teams on the rooftops, all for about 15 KKK in robes from 200 miles out of town, and half a dozen screaming preachers (talk about contrasts!). Both groups had permits for an hour.

A car pulled up and asked where the Klan was from and I said, "They bus them in from New York City." She gasped, "Damn Yankees!" and drove off. Julie didn't think it was very funny but a black guy next to us thought it was a riot as he was from New York, himself, and just passing through. I figured they hate New Yorkers anyway, so what's the difference?

We put the boat in at the public ramp and had a great 5 6 mile sail in a 15 knot breeze down the picturesque Beaufort River to the tip of Parris Island Base. We waved at marines fishing off the pier. We used to wave to the inmates of Sing Sing when we were sailing on the Hudson River and they were fishing off the rocks. At least, I thought they were waving! Then we tacked and sailed right

back up the river and tied up to a small dinghy dock with two rowboats. Who cares about pride if the price is right. "I guess it's O.K. We let a Sunfish tie up here and you're the same length," said the dockmaster as he checked his regulations.

After walking around, we found a restaurant where, for \$10 each, we had lobster again (when in Rome...) with wine. James Taylor music was played by a guy with a guitar in the restaurant courtyard which overlooked the city park near the I.C.W. and our boat. I told Julie, "We are celebrating our anniversary tonight because it can't get any better than this." It really was a beautiful evening and knowing our "high rise sunfish" was safely tied up to the dinghy dock while everybody else was probably paying big bucks to dock in a nearby marina was great for my spirits.

"Are you sure this is legal?" was a quote I heard all during our trip from Child Bride. Come to think of it, I've heard it all my life. Anyway the restaurant tables were crowded with mostly transplants from Missouri to Maine who loved living in Beaufort. They enjoyed having us and got a kick out of our trailering to the coast, they thought it was great! After a few glasses of wine we couldn't have agreed more!

Around midnight we returned to the boat and motored out some 300' before dropping the anchor among 15 20 yachts from all over the east coast lazily swinging at anchor. It was a wonderful atmosphere as I lit my oil lamp and clamped on the cheap Wal Mart bow light. The sky was clear, the stars bright and the sea calm, it was really great.

Sunday morning we moved the boat to the dock and walked to the small downtown area and ate at a bakery/deli. Then we sat in adult type swings and talked to a guy who had grown up there before moving to Akron, OH, but still returned to visit a few times a year. He said the river used to come up to the back of the restaurant and the mayor, who owned the only the concrete company, got government funding for a concrete pier type park constructed with tons of dirt on top of a concrete slab. It was 200-300' wide and around 3 or 4 football fields long, with a marina, walkway, swings and a public ramp alongside. As the mayor was the only bidder for the job, guess who built it? It is really beautiful and can accommodate 50 60 yachts.

We cast off and tried to head upstream but the strong current made it impossible so we sailed and drifted down towards the ocean again, going past Parris Island and into the historic Port Royal Sound which was the scene of action in the revolutionary war and was used by pirates operating in nearby waters. We had St. Helena Island on the left and Hilton Head on the right. There were many shrimp boats dragging their long nets and I took videos steering with my foot while Julie read in the cockpit.

After turning to avoid a shrimp boat I ran aground, or really, ran amuck, and I quickly let out the sail and jumped overboard. I was knee deep in mud as I pushed the boat back into deep water (15" at least) with no help from my first mate, the famous Julie of Brooklyn, as she now wanted to take embarrassing videos of me in the mud trying to get the boat into deeper water while laughing at me! I can just hear the dockmaster saying "There is a god!"

We got back to the channel and tried to sail back up the river but the tide kept pushing us towards Hilton Head, so we started the usually undependable 3hp outboard and got back to Beaufort in an hour or so. We tied up behind a beautiful 60' sailboat at the municipal dock.

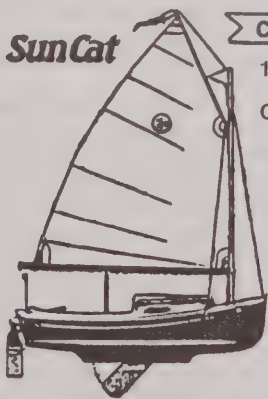
Then, after eating out again, we went to the park and met a New Hampshire guy who was in his 40s and lives aboard his boat. He and his wife had come down to Florida but they were treated so shabbily in St. Augustine that they came back to Beaufort. They chose it because they thought it was the nicest town they had seen on the waterway. He was going to stay for a year on his 45' sailboat then try to run a computer business from it. He said his wife was adjusting to the life but it wasn't easy for her "She would kill for a full length mirror!" He admired what we were doing, sailing different coastal areas without hassles. We heard similar remarks from many people and I agree we get the biggest bang for the buck with our li'l *Julie II* Peep Hen.

Around 11pm we motored out to the other yachts on the moorings and dropped our anchor among them again for a last lovely evening on the water under another starry sky. In the morning, a guy with a raft towed us to the dock as our usually undependable motor wouldn't start (I don't know why, I kicked it enough!) and we took the boat out of the water. Julie sat on the hood of our front wheel drive Toyota at the ramp for extra traction. The '83 Tercel (with 150,000 miles on it) towed the boat back to Hendersonville in the North Carolina mountains and we got home with happy memories and great experiences.

Highest praise was from a gal on a yacht at the Palmer Johnson yard who yelled to us that they had been in the *Eagle* parade and she thought we had the cutest boat on the water!

Julie and I agreed that Charleston is a "10" but the Beaufort/Savannah area is around an "8", the lower figure being due to Beaufort being mostly river sailing until you get down to Port Royal Sound. The main drawback to Savannah was the filthy water of the Savannah River, though the Wilmington River was clean.

It was another enjoyable trip with our small boat.



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I am going to quickly pass over the worst three natural dangers of the Coastal South, those that are liable to be fatal, because there have already been many expert studies into them and much material has been published and made available to the public, but I will make a few subjective remarks.

Lightning is, by far, the most dangerous coastal thing we have around here (except for stupid people in overpowered boats but that ain't natural, so is beyond the scope of this study). Lightning will nail you, so, my advice is to stay away from it.

The next most dangerous natural thing is an alligator. Despite the fact that the brain of even a big alligator is not any bigger than a golf ball, they are deliberate and tenacious eaters of people and just love dogs. Watch where you walk, and swim, and go in little boats, because they are hard to see and very quick. There is no danger of an alligator coming up from under you while you are swimming. That ain't their style. You can see them coming and they come very slowly and deliberately, unless you are in the company of a little yapping dog, then they come on about like a seventeen foot aluminum canoe paddled by two Eagle Scouts. All you have to do to be safe from alligators is not to run up on one where he and you can't see and to keep a good distance from your little, yapping dog.

Sharks are the last possibly fatal threat and they are about a hundred times stupider than alligators and that's the main problem with them. Because of much erroneous hype put out by sensationalists, and the fact that I'm a registered, card carrying marine biologist, I'll elaborate a little more about sharks than I did about lightning and alligators. Despite my credentials, I must admit that I don't know too much about those two ton monsters that will bite you half in two with one snap like they'll do a big tunafish, or amberjack on the line, so I'll just tell you how I deal with them personally.

You can see them following shrimpboats and there is no question in my mind at all that they are very dangerous. One of the first rules of shrimpboat people (there are plenty of women in the shrimp fishery) is to try to stay on the boat at all times. I can't do that but I never go swimming in any water that will float a shrimpboat unless it is very clear and I have on my face mask. I think big sharks are just as stupid as little sharks and, if you can see them before they are in biting distance, you'll have all the time in the world to ease on back to the hill.

One time, I was fishing on the bar that lies parallel to the beach. Though the water on the bar was only about knee deep, the trough between it and the beach was maybe, chest deep. It was early in the morning and very calm and clear and the tide was about half high and falling. I had already caught about five or six small, what most people call "whiting" but are actually "gulf coast kingfish" in the book and "ground mullet" to the local folks who know them best. Before the invention of nylon monofilament gillnet upset the natural equilibrium, they used to be so common along all seaside beaches that catching enough for lunch was a sure thing. A ten year old child could feed the multitude back in those days.

The sun was glaring in my eyes and I had enough fish, so I decided to wade on back

Natural Dangers of the Coastal Regions of the Southeastern U.S.

By Robb White

in. Boy there was a big hammerhead shark swimming slowly back and forth in the little lagoon between me and the land. I bet you think I became terrified and irrational, don't you? Hell, no, I waited until he was all the way down to the other end and then eased on across. I did hold my fish bag up pretty high out of the water and I kept my eye on him all the time. I was feeling pretty smug standing there on the beach until I saw him swim across the bar right where I had been standing, with my back to him, when I caught the fish. He was so big that he was half out of the water. Whoo!

What usually happens when the national news hollers "SHARK ATTACK" is that somebody gets bit by a little shark that can't see the complete extent of what he is biting. It is easy to see how it happens with these little blacktips we have around here. The most common sharks on the flats are those and what we call a "shovel nose" ("bonnet head" in the literature) a little shark with a head that looks just like a round nosed shovel. They won't hurt you but the damned little black tips will try to bite you on the foot. They are too stupid to know who you are and, if you shuffle along to try to avoid stingarees, they'll think your foot is a crab or something and come running. I always slap hell out of them with the leads of my cast net. I used to brain them and I killed a lot of them before I realized that it was wrong to kill an animal just because he was stupid.

The most dangerous sharks (in my opinion) are bull sharks. I believe they'll bite you. It is hard to catch many fish where they are because they quickly come and try to monopolize the place. Though they get big, they are shallow water specialists and the scourge of the Bahamas. Bahamians are not stupid and are never bitten by bull sharks.

Stingarees are the next thing and fall into the category of "dangerous but not fatal". There are more people sitting in emergency rooms in Florida that have been stingareed than there are suffering from injuries of all those other natural dangers combined. There are a world of stingarees around here. I wish the Japanese would develop a taste for stingray sushi. It would help the economy of the post net ban situation of the local fishermen and get some of these damned stingarees out of the water. I don't know how long they live but they live a long time.

I sometimes wade up into this marsh creek on a falling tide to catch mullet with my throw net. As I go in, I see this big old female stingaree coming out. We know each other and have a nodding acquaintance. You know, I am so addlebrained that I keep a notebook. I first saw her in 1986 (June 22, high, falling tide... two days past the new

moon). Now there are two. The other one (also female, the "claspers" of males trail out either side of the tail and are easy to see) is small, about the size of a five gallon bucket lid, but she acts just like the other one, might be her daughter.

Big stingarees are always female and there are some very big ones. I think they are intelligent but their damned offspring are not. They are born alive and are dangerous as soon as they uncurl. The stupid little things don't have sense enough not to get stepped on but they have the instinct to put that horrible barbed spine in you. Usually it just sticks in about an inch and, usually, it slides in just under the skin and is pulled back out but, sometimes, it gets in there with the tendons and all and hangs up on the exquisitely shaped barbs enough to get pulled off the base of the tail of the stingaree (only ignorant people call coons "raccoons", possums, "opossums" and stingarees "stingrays").

When that happens, it is serious business. But, though the initial pain from a stingaree is bad enough to make you feel weak and sort of sick, you are destined to hurt much, much worse as the poison is absorbed. However, if the spine is not still in there, and you know the ancient remedy, it ain't nearly as bad as it could be.

If you step on a stingaree and get hit, as soon as you get over the dizzies, trot it straight to where you can immerse your foot (or shank.. God help you, Achilles, that was a big one) in very hot water, the sooner the better. Heat de-natures the protein poison from the spine, sort of like it does the protein of a boiled egg. Fortunately the poison of a stingaree spine is more susceptible to heat than your flesh, so you can stand enough to effect a complete cure... if you can stand it. Be brave or whine, to suit your temperament, while you soak your foot but keep on changing the water and soaking because, if you do it right, the pain will soon go completely away. That same treatment will work on a cursed imported fire ant bite, too, I use a microwaved Q-tip for that.

Unlike catfish, stingaree spines stuck into you do not normally cause infection and most knowledgeable folks don't even go to the doctor after the hot water treatment... unless the thing is still in there. I got to digress right here. A stingaree spine is a hell of a thing. It is a lubricated piece of bone with wonderful barbs tipped by the same kind of sharpness as a shark's tooth. The lubrication is provided by an encapsulation of thin membrane which contains a poison that will put a person into an agony right up there with an abscessed tooth or the gout of the toe. The hot water treatment will kill the poison and the pain most miraculously but, if the spine is still in you, you'll have to go to the doctor and it is best if he (or she) has had some kind of experience with that sort of thing.

Here I am, giving medical advice without a license. But, at least, you won't have to put up with it anymore because I have covered all the dangerous things I know all that much about. The rest are just irritating or borderline between irritating and dangerous, like Portuguese men of war, which I'll leave out along with most of the others. You know, too much contact with merely irritating animals, like the numerous biting insects of the coastal South, can be very dangerous: It might make you want to run off

to California to escape them like my father did in 1956 and that is a very dangerous thing... apt to bring on mental illness. There are more shrinks per cubic mile in California than any place in the world.

I used to go to visit my father in the summers and he was right about there not being any biting insects at all. As a matter of fact, where he lived down there, in easy sight of where they put the letters "HOLLYWOOD" up on that hill, I did not see any living thing but Californians and their pets. There might have been a few house sparrows (passer domesticus) and roaches but any animal that makes its living off the leavings of people is actually a pet even though she don't know exactly to whom he belongs.

So, you could walk down the beach among all the beautiful people and not get bit by a single bug. With that, I must digress into a social observation. I know it is usual for people who go to California to believe that the people, indeed everything in the whole state, is more beautiful than they are anywhere else. Maybe they want to believe that, if they think that all Californians are beautiful, they'll be included. Anyway, because I was there just to visit my father, and had no intention to stay, I was in a different state of mind and my observations could be more objective.

There was a nudie beach right down from where my father's house hung out over the edge of a mud cliff over the sea (24334 Malibu Rd... ain't there no mo) and, in my rambles, I had to pass through the designated area. In passing, I stepped out of my bathing suit, so as not to feel out of place. I'll tell you right here... all Californians are not beautiful nor can they all play volleyball well, but they ain't scratching any itchy bumps from where horseflies and dogflies have been biting them. I was so glad to get back to the good old coastal southeastern US after the first visit that I let the first horsefly bite me for about three seconds before I smacked him to horsefly heaven (which, I bet they have sinful Californians up there for the sanctified horseflies to eat).

I know that there is no place for subjective observation and anthropomorphism in the biology business, but when there just is no time to do the right thing about every little whim that pops up, like the behavior of horseflies, you just have to wing it. Some horseflies seem smarter than others. For one thing, there are two horsefly infested, ephemeral, sandbar style, barrier islands that I can't seem to stay away from down here in Apalachee Bay. While the horseflies of both are infuriatingly relentless, skillful biters, the little, diabolical, greenheaded bastards on Dog Island are much smarter than those of the same species on St. George.

If I had a grant and a bunch of sacrificial graduate students, I am sure I could quantify some data to prove that statement but I don't, so I'll just say this. It takes a bunch of more slaps to kill one of the sons of bitches on Dog Island than it does on St. George. I once watched a single horsefly bite a middle aged woman in a bathing suit (I imagine because of the intensity of my scrutiny, she thought I was as interested in her person as that horsefly was) twenty six times while she was trying to describe her dog that had run away chasing birds in the restricted least tern nesting zone.

"He just loves birds," she said, scratching her ankle and making the fly move to the instep of her other foot. That horsefly probably would have bitten her and been moved ten or twelve more times but, when she stomped him loose, he became disoriented and lit on me and I nailed him with the first lick. He was a St. George horsefly. A Dog Island horsefly would have stayed with that woman.

Another aberration in my biological methods is that I think natural selection sometimes works much quicker than most scientists suppose. Chickens and human beings are good examples of this. There ain't no white chickens running around in the woods and, if all of a sudden all this petroleum were to self destruct, where would all us fools be? I guess the distribution of stupid and smart people might be the same on both islands so there must be another selective influence working on horseflies to make the savvy outsurvive the merely greedy on Dog Island. Maybe, since George has a bridge and Dog doesn't so Dog Island visitors can't just run for the car when they discover that the horseflies are eating them up, they have to start slapping and the smart people kill the stupid flies and miss the smart ones while the stupid people feed both indiscriminately.

Horseflies are named that because they love to bite horses. When I was a little boy, we had horses and I was never able to get much joy from riding in the woods because I always became so fixated looking at the horseflies swelling up, out of reach, on the ears of the poor horse. There is no doubt that horseflies have evolved sense enough to know that it is best to bite a horse someplace out of range of the tail. They circle the poor horse's ears in figure eights the whole time you are riding. Every now and then, one will come back there where you are and make a couple of loops around your ears, too, but they soon find out that you have all that covered so they leave and go back up front where all they have to do is land on a big vein and hang on well enough not to get twitched off.

I hope I haven't given the impression that I think horseflies are brilliant animals. Though they seem to know what they are doing in certain circumstances, they don't know everything. For years we mowed the little woods roads on our old place with a Farmall Cub tractor. It had two little black headlights sticking out either side up front just like Mickey Mouse ears. You guessed it. The stupid horseflies played figure eight around those headlights just like they were edible. Every now and then one would get sucked into the fan and you could hear a delightful ping.

Mowing high Bahia grass is hard on a little thing like that old Cub and it finally wore out beyond logical repair and we bought a modern tractor... one without ears. You are right again, those damned horseflies came straight for the only ears they could find and we had to take heroic measures to rejuvenate the old Cub I. Everybody was glad to see it back in service.

I don't think any class of hemoglobin style animals (except fish and manatees) are immune to the torment of horseflies. I have seen them bite wild hogs, squirrels, snakes and even gopher tortoises (don't see many around lizards and frogs). They love to bite

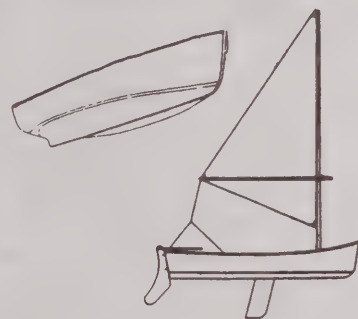
buck deer on their warm, soft, fuzzy summer antlers. They devil elephants, monkeys, bears and endangered Florida panthers at the zoo. They zoom the ears of armadillos and might bite birds but bluebirds, phoebes, purple martins and other swallows (chimney swifts for one) around here catch them and eat them up. Butcher birds (loggerhead shrikes) stick them on yew thorns. Yay!

I am hoping to find out how horseflies act around wild turkeys. You know, turkeys pay pretty close attention to what's happening and they are quick to snap up most any insect they see (I have seen them pass up stink bugs). We have these great big grasshoppers called "bird grasshoppers" who are so smart that even I, an unabashed, regular ace at catching anything, have only laid hands on five or ten in my life and that on frosty mornings. I have seen baby turkeys, in the pinfeather stage, jump and grab a bird grasshopper right out of the air and catch him again after he had kicked them in the lips and got away while they were fighting with their siblings over who would get the next chance to try to subdue him.

Now, I want to know if there are any horseflies left who are stupid enough to circle a grown turkey's old bald head looking for ears. I have been hoping for some data for a long time but it is sort of hard to prove that something never happens.

I am so far off the track now that there is no chance that I will be able to cover yellow flies, no see ums, dog flies and all the various mosquitoes in the space allotted, so I'll just tell you what to do about them. Don't let them bite you... ain't no need to run off to California, slap accurately and kill the sons of bitches. Dang, I think I'll go fishing.

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Fame o' the YARD

BY R.W. "Chinatown Mike" SCAGLIOTTI

Episode 3
the most beautiful boat...

It was talking Harold all morning to put the "finishing touches" on those plans.

the of ended.*
y, see, Age really ended.*
Golden never
Gail



*actually, it ended in the 1920s.

It looked like his drafting table was getting jealous of his soapbox.

My ancestors for built fishing the



I build passenger fleet!*

Yoiks.
Hey, what about me?!

shaddap, you dweeb.
*i.e. - dude schoolers.

I was worried he'd start reciting "The Wreck of the Hesperus."*

"Lashed to the helm, all stiff & stark/His face turned to the Skies,/ Jetskis and motor yachts buzzed about/ Like a swarm of hideous flies."



*which he's been known to do down at the Bunglehole Lounge.

So when Mike Rutstein came to me last winter and asked me to build him a boat...

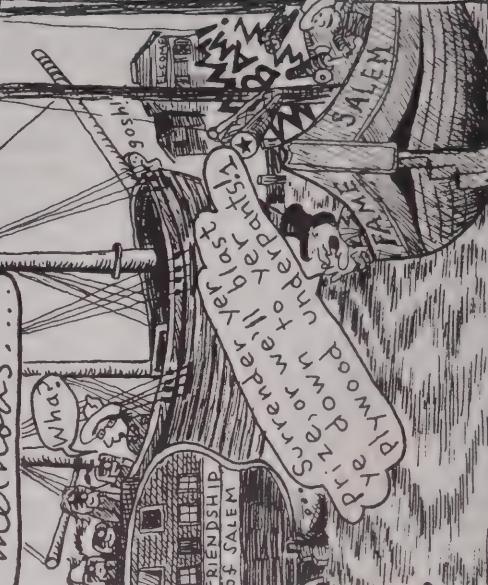


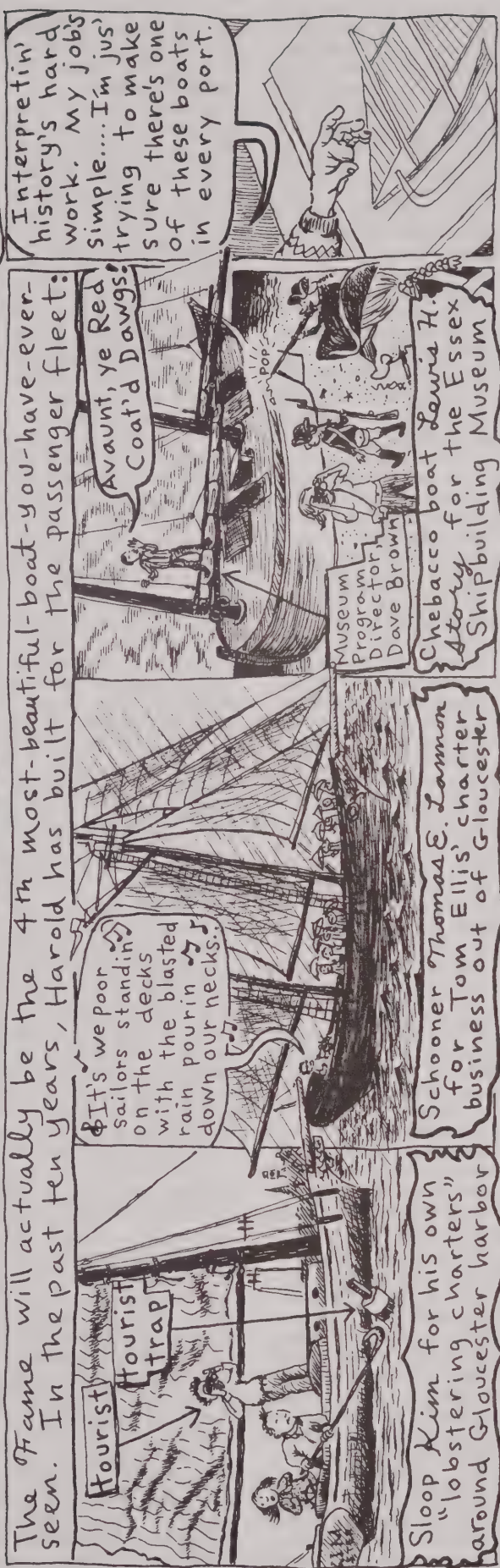
Meanwhile, Paul works hard on his own boat, schooner Bald Eagle.

—an 'istoric vessel...



built with traditional methods...





1- The Nat'l Park Service's replica of 'Friendship' is made of plywood with imitation auld-looking planks glued on top. (Also, it was not built to actually sail.) "Prize" means an enemy merchant vessel captured by a privateer. In the War of 1812, 'Frame captured 17 prizes from the Brits. The original 'Friendship' (1797) a Salem "East Indian", was captured by the Brits as a prize.

I am embarrassed by how I seem to pontificate about what a hell of an expert I am about everything under the sun. It just seems that way because of the broad range of my expertise but I don't know everything about everything. You won't find me explaining herbal medicine or golf but I have had a lot of experience with two part paint and, as I have stated in the past, I think it is pitiful to let any useful knowledge escape from being used because some old man took the secret to his grave... or addled around and forgot it without passing it on.

I used to know a man who made it his specialty to go around to sawmills and big woodworking outfits and pour old style Babbitt bearings in old machinery. He was so good at it that he could come in the afternoon at the whistle and work all night and have the thing running before the morning whistle. I know that there are old books about how to do that and I have even read one or two (and poured a few bearings myself) but I could never do a whole four head sawmill planer in one night and I don't think anybody else could do it either using the conventional methods I read about in the book. He must have had a bunch of innovations. He told me he would let me apprentice but I never got around to going with him and now that lore is long gone and forgotten. To save this knowledge from going that same way, I am fixing to spoon-feed it to you.

As you probably know, my notion is that if you are going to go to all the trouble and expense to build a boat, you might as well build the best boat you can, no holds barred. I think it is possible, by using every kind of ancient and modern lore, to build a better boat than anything ever in this world. A lot of the wonderful old boats we all have read about and dreamed we would one day have would be a lot better if it was possible to use some of this good stuff we have now.

Just for an example: I don't remember exactly which name Rushton put to the boat in my dreams, but it wasn't but ten and a half feet long and some twenty eight inches wide and weighed twelve and a half pounds. I am too big for such a tiny thing but, to my notion, that is the quintessential boat. It is still around and the museum to which it belongs loaned it out just long enough for somebody (might have been Peter Spectre) to put it on the grass outside, lay a big sycamore leaf inside for scale and take a good picture.

I could tell from that picture that it wouldn't take but just the slightest misstep to stomp right through the bottom of the fragile little thing but if the planks had been heat sheathed on both sides with epoxy and fiberglass before they went on the boat, the result would be stronger than fiberglass and lighter than aluminum. I couldn't build a boat that little and light and not because the technology ain't suitable but because I build every single boat for me and something that tiny won't float my big ass. Mine was twelve feet long and three feet wide and weighed nineteen pounds. Of course it ceased to be mine when the eager owner showed up and my heart is still broke but one of these days...

Two part paint is even tougher and more long lasting than fiberglass gelcoat. Old fiberglass boats that have been Awlgripped retain their gloss better and are more scratch resistant than they were when they were new. My poor, neglected skiff has most of the paint

Two Part Paint

By Robb White

gone off the foot of the engine and the varnish job is shot to hell but the original paint is all there... even on the corners of the laps on the bottom where it takes to the sand twice a day and even on the places where it rides on the worn out carpet of the bunks of the trailer. I ought to paint it again just to cover up the yellow from the tannin (and diesel fuel) in the river water but there really is no point to it.... it would just get yellow again and, besides, I hate to mess around trying to doll a boat up when I could mess around trying to wear it out. The boat is perfectly protected by its paint job just like it is. I may paint over that varnish, though.

The paint on the boat is old two part epoxy. I don't know what the chemical difference between epoxy and polyurethane is, but they are different. I started using two part epoxy paint back in the sixties and, though I have put two part polyurethane on a few boats and use that kind of varnish on all brightwork (always over a complete solventless epoxy job), I still prefer epoxy paint. There used to be a bunch of it made by various manufacturers but, due to the popularity of polyurethane, everybody but Pettit has dropped their epoxy paint. That's alright with me because good old Pettit Polypoxy White is what I have been putting on boats for thirty years and I can still get it. You used to be able to get it in other colors too, but they gradually dropped them until finally there was just the white and gray and now, I believe they have dropped the gray. Fortunately I have two, two gallon kits hoarded up and that ought to be a lifetime supply.

There are two reasons I like epoxy better than polyurethane: One is that the solvent does not contain isocyanates. You know when you buy the most hotshot NIOSH mask you can get, the one for spraying paint and deadly pesticides, there is a disclaimer that says, "Not for use with products containing isocyanates." I am not sure what is a safe way to put it on. The label on the can (cans) of paint says, "For professional use only." I know a bunch of professionals who spray that stuff all the time and some of them don't even wear any kind of mask.

It is a funny thing how reckless the average working man is. One of them told me that the way he gets the fumes out of his system is to get dead drunk every night, "Flushes out the poison with the piss," was his theory. I asked him if he thought it was actually worth it. "Cain't take no chance... life is too good." He will also... without his shirt (or mask)... grind all the gel coat off the bottom of a fifty foot boat with a 24 grit disc on a grinder so powerful that he has to hop it in ahead of the circuit breaker on the pole, covers the bushes with dust for half a mile downwind. Anyway, some changes in lifestyle to comply with the hazards of modern technology don't appeal to me.

The main reason I like epoxy paint goes back to the original philosophy of trying to make the best job of it I can. Epoxy paint stays on better than anything else I have ever seen. It is impossible to skin it off fiberglass.

Polyurethane is tough, too, and the surface is more abrasion resistant than epoxy, but it can be scraped off, particularly on the bottom of a boat.

I'll give you an example of how scrape resistant epoxy paint is: There is an epoxy product containing zinc that is used on steel vessels and barges above the waterline. We used to routinely pull the big, rusty Northhill barge anchors by leading the line across the barge to the bit on the tug and pulling the anchor up onto the barge with the boat. We did it thousands of times, always in about the same place, and, when the time came for the coating to be renewed, the deck of the barge was no more rusty there than anyplace else.

It ain't all perfection though. Epoxy paint is not very resistant to sunlight. Though the pigment protects the layers beneath the surface, the top is gradually and uniformly degraded by the sun so that it soon loses its gloss and becomes chalky... and comes off on you. That doesn't bother me at all. I don't like a tacky looking, shiny boat and I, kind of like an old dog or an old hog farmer, like to mark what belongs to me. A little streak of epoxy dust on the clothes is better than a notch in the ear.

You have to put it on there right to get the real good of it, though. Back to the original philosophy. Don't take no cheap shots with that expensive stuff. Just like with any paint, surface preparation is the trick. I guess you could paint plain wood with epoxy paint but it is best if the wood is sealed with solventless epoxy first. Epoxy paint doesn't seal wood against the swelling and shrinking that destroys both it and the paint, so I am going to act like the "surface" is solventless epoxy saturated fiberglass sheathing... or fiberglass gelcoat.

With that, I must digress. It is pitiful how long fiberglass boats last. Down where I live on Dog's Island, there is an old sailboat that has laid at the same place on the dock for at least thirty years without moving. It ain't even tied up anymore. The dock lines long ago rotted into shreds and blew away. The damned thing is growed to the bottom. I was recently hired to survey that vessel to establish some value for the purpose of removal. I crawled it from end to end and damned if it couldn't be put back just as good as new... if you could get the man with the 24 grit sander to do a bottom job and Awlgrip the topsides.

What you have to do is to make sure that there are absolutely no shiny places (a microscope should reveal no...) and that there is nothing loose on the surface (like the chalky surface of sun degraded gelcoat or old epoxy paint). See if you can rub your hand on the boat and not get anything on you. I use those fuzzy disposable dustcloths after I have washed and abraded the surface with a Scotch Brite pad.

What I do then is dehumidify the shop and it depends on the conditions what I use to do that. If it is cool and sort of dry, I just run my dehumidifier. If it is drizzling a cold miserable rain with traces of sleet like it used to do back in the good old days, I fire up my big wood heater, and run the air conditioner and the dehumidifier too (and y'all thought I didn't know anything about frivolous consumption... I'll have you know my utility bill was really big bucks in January). I also run my circulating dust machine all night the night before I paint. I get everything ready

beforehand so when the time comes, all I have to do is mix the paint and wipe off the boat one last time and turn on the radio and go to it.

Now, with that, I must digress again. Painting a boat with a brush is serious business. You have to get in the right mood. You know how, if you have to drive to work in the middle of a bunch of shitepokes who are trying to eat their sausage biscuits and talk on the cell phone at the same time... and whip around and cut you off, it makes you irritable and out of sorts when you finally get to work? Well, such as that is not good for job performance.

I sleep at the shop and when I get up in the morning, I eat a good breakfast and read some woodworking catalogs. I like to read woodworking catalogs. I always mark the items I plan to purchase when my ship comes in. This morning, before I went in to paint, I marked two or three Lie Nielsen products, a few Japanese saws and chisels... some German clamps and a complete set of Italian riffles... and, oh yeah, some good China bristle paint brushes. You know the kind, those where the ferrule comes half way up the handle.

I know two part paint is rough on paint brushes but a paint brush is a hand tool and I don't like to work with sorry junk. It might be tempting to some to cut back on the money by using a brush from the Dollar Store, but you'll be sorry. Think about it. Here you are fixing to paint a priceless boat with about a hundred bucks worth of paint... using a two dollar brush. That's like running re caps on the Porsche. The worst part of it is that you won't get a good job of it because two part paint doesn't paint worth a flip and even a good brush has a hard time making a good job of it.

You ain't going to like epoxy paint if you cut your teeth on good old lead oxide pigmented Dutch Boy with linseed oil and gum turpentine and carcinogenic, heavymetal Japan drier. Epoxy paint has a very aggressive and volatile (carcinogenic?) solvent and, though it goes on pretty good and brushes out fine, it gets sticky as hell in a hurry. It is hard to maintain a wet edge to stroke from and will pull hair out of a cheap brush like duct tape on a cat. You have to really plan ahead about what you do so as to manage not to have a bunch of lap marks.

It is possible, though, but you have to pay attention all the time. I like classical music on the job. A little Chopin beats hell out of a cadre of experts explaining the world of today. We have two NPRs here. One only plays the ancient stuff non stop and the other plays very little of anything but the Voices of liberated women and erudite men explaining how they view the intricacies of the current events of the day. Well, that's a cheap shot. I like independent women and erudite men but I ain't interested in the intricacies of the current events of the day... besides, why do they all sound like they have their lips too close to the telephone?

There is a risk though. Sometimes, the viola gives way to something a little more dynamic and the slow soothing strokes become more creative with both the instrument on the radio and the one in my hand and I have to go back and straighten up a little place or two. Straus is one who is hard to control. I get to stroking too slow and long

and lapping back too far, whereas Wagner makes me sling paint. If there are no musical aberrations, there are only a couple of real dangers in the first coats (I like five or six total) and those are runs and places where the paint is not well rubbed out and puddles up in places like plank laps and inside corners like around rub rails.

Two part paint cures in two stages. First the solvent evaporates and that makes the paint feel sort of like it is dry, then the chemical bonding of the molecules of part "A" and part "B" occurs and that makes the paint hard. The solvent evaporates mighty quick but the second stage takes a long time. Pettit says to allow 48 hours before you Scotch it up for another coat and I think they are right. I think it takes a week or two before a new paint job is ready for the rigors of the trailer.

If you try to fudge up on the recoat time because some customer is breathing down your neck, the new coat is liable to dissolve into the uncured first coat and infiltrate it with the solvent and the result will be too thick and might shrink and alligator on you as the solvent slowly evaporates from way down in there. There is no doubt that a too thick coat of two part paint never gets as hard as it is supposed to be. What I think happens is that the chemical cure begins to solidify the paint before all the solvent can escape. It is easy to see an exaggeration of this in leftover paint left puddled up in the bottom of a can. It will stay rubbery and weak until it finally shrinks into a bunch of polyglots and comes loose altogether. Don't puddle up the paint on the boat.

Manipulation of the light will help you keep from leaving holidays, but if you do see one, way back there, go back and put on a little more paint. It will be sticky as hell, but keep brushing until you can tell that the new has blended completely with the old so you won't have two coats of uncured paint in that place.

Why paint with a brush instead of a roller or spray gun? For one thing, even a good paintbrush job makes a boat look like a boat instead of a plastic toy. A roller or a spray gun is liable to leave it too slick. Besides, a brush sort of levels out the surface... leaves a tiny bit more in the holes and a tiny bit less on the hills. After six coats, it is hard to see any little dimples and bumps at all, where, if you had rolled or sprayed it, each coat would have just raised the highs and lows the same amount. The difference is sort of like the way a board looks when it has been planed compared to how it looks when it has been abused by a sander.

I like the outside of a carvel (or strip planked) boat to be planed and then scraped instead of finished with a sander. The little precise, longitudinal facets in the wood explain the boat to me better than the hodge podge of meaningless ripples left by a sander. I also like to do any fairing right there on the wood instead of smearing some weak putty on there and then trying to sand it like Bondo on a dent on an automobile.

There are two reasons for this, too: First, no matter which body shop maestro did the Bondo job, I can see it plain as day, either stuck on the fender of the car or on the cheek of a boat, and it hollers "Cheap Shot," loud and clear. The second reason is that fairing putty (or "high build" primer) is made to sand

well so it also gouges well. It reacts differently under the paint than wood or fiberglass in the hot sun too. I like the fiberglass right there on the wood and the paint right there on the fiberglass.

After you get the coat of paint on there, walk around the boat twenty nine times. Turn on and off some lights and adjust some others until you have sighted down every surface looking at the shine every possible way. You might not get all of the holidays, but you will certainly find some. After a while, the paint will be too hard to let the touch up blend in and you'll have to stop. I always put aluminum foil over my can of paint and put it in the little refrigerator in the bottom of my water cooler. I know I can't come back in there the next day and touch up because, that will make two uncured coats and result in a soft place but refrigerated two part paint will keep for 48 hours and I can add (after warming) the old to the new for the next coat.

After I get the paint put up I clean out all the stirring sticks, solvent wet paper towels and anything else that might have paint on it so that when the solvent finally evaporates from the boat and it quits stinking in there, (takes way more than 48 hours) I won't be smelling any old sticky stick that I used to stir part "A". When I get cleaned up, Mozart and the lights shut down, dehumidifier on high and ventilating fan on low, I go outside and wash my brush. Now I have to let you in on a little secret. If the chemical cure is not too far along, you can wash a two-part brush just as well as an oil base brush. It is going to cost you though because the thinner is much more expensive than mineral spirits.

Here is the secret. The two part cure involves molecules that are in close association in the mix and, when they are washed out of the brush, they don't separate and the cure continues to progress in suspension in the solvent. Don't throw that old white mess away after you have washed your brush, but put it into a can and set it aside. By the time you have finished the next coat, all the pigment will have precipitated out and joined into a solid chunk in the bottom of the can.

You can decant the used thinner off the top and use it again. I only use it for the first washing though because there is some component of the vehicle left that stiffens up the brush when it dries and it takes a little new solvent to get it out.... unless you wrap the brush in aluminum foil until the next coat... then you'll only have to use a little new juice to clean the brush to put it up for the last time. I have used the same brush for three years like that and I still have three quarters of a gallon of thinner (if you count the quart jar of used stuff) that I bought the same time as the brush.

So, "La dee da," you say, "what a prissy pants way to be... hundred dollar paint and a twenty dollar brush indeed. I'll have mine on stitch and glue lauan plywood." Well, suit yourself. I hate to admit it, but I have, from time to time done something kind of like that myself and guess what? I have a few more suggestions: One thing is to go ahead and do a good epoxy coating job on the plywood. It is amazing how well epoxy soaks into lauan. I think it turns it into something kind of Euro.

If the boat turned out particularly well, I would sheathe it in 4oz fabric too. If you were like me and knew in advance that the

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boat would certainly turn out well, you could cut out the parts and sheathe them with the cloth and epoxy with a plastic squeegee while they were lying flat and, after the epoxy had cured, wash and Scotch Brite them too. Then, after the boat was together, all you would have to do would be touch up a little place or two and slap on the paint job. Which, regular latex house paint sticks to properly prepared epoxy just fine and goes on slick and easy. You can listen to any kind of boogaloo on the radio and still do a good job... with a Dollar Store brush.

You know, just to kind of top this off, if you listen to the music critics on the NPR, it is sort of hard to figure out what's up. At first, it seems like determining what is suitable to be awarded awards is such an abstract thing that it can't be understood or explained. People on the NPR certainly can prove that for about a week after the Grammy awards. Due to the difficulties presented by some of the modern popular singers, you have to cut those analysts a little slack. After all, they aren't dealing with somebody like Frank Sinatra. He is easy to explain. I can do it in one sentence: Besides being able to sing, he liked to sing good songs and have an excellent, full orchestra backing him up.

Since the music critics can't explain what is right or wrong with the song, they have to tackle the category that the singer is supposed to be in but the categories of singers are meaningless to a sensible person. If you use criteria that make any sense (unlike "Rhythm & Blues") there are only two classes

of male and female vocalists... high and low pressure. Julie London is a low pressure female vocalist and Barbara Streisand is a high pressure female vocalist.

I don't like subjective descriptions of things that can be simply explained and measured. High pressure singers are singers who, while they are singing, maintain a high internal thoracic pressure which can easily be measured by something like, say, a tubeless tire valve inserted someplace where it won't interfere with the singing. I think Barbara Streisand is up about like a ten speed bicycle tire... 90psi. A good example of a low pressure male vocalist is Perry Como and I am not sure, but I believe the BeeGees, each could poke out the little tongue on the gauge about like the sixteen ply tire on a fork lift. Taking the pressure would eliminate all that discussion about which category a singer, or group (take the pressure of each at their peak, add them up and divide by four if it was a quartet) fit

"And now, for the female vocalist in the twenty to fifty psi range, the nominees are..." I can hear the discussion on the NPR the next day right now: "Well, you know, she certainly doesn't fit in the twenty to fifty genre," one might say. "Yeah, well, they checked the tire valve twice for leaks with the spit on the finger trick and checked the pressure with three different gauges (one digital) and all the readings fell between 28psi and 45psi... can't argue with the facts. I am erudite enough to know that."

"Well, so much for the Grammy awards. Now, in other news, a British sheep..."

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I designed and built a ladder pony to help me haul tools and 55lb buckets of roofing compound up onto the nearly flat roof of my house, a roof whose edge is three stories above the ground and two above a wooden deck. The pony would also be handy for moving things up into the loft of a boat shop, up onto the deck of a keelboat in a cradle ashore, or into the high rigging of a sailing vessel.

I got the idea from a commercial unit shown on television that is intended for use by building contractors and is therefore very sturdy and expensive. The commercial version uses an electric winch with wire cable to raise and lower the load trolley up what appears to be a long sturdy one piece ladder section. Mine is intended for light and occasional use on my aluminum extension ladder and is operated by a person pulling on a rope.

The rope can be rigged so I can raise and lower the pony myself from up on the roof or so a helper can pull the rope from below. If a lot of material needs to be moved up the ladder, the work goes much faster if someone is stationed below to put the loads on the pony, and someone at the top takes them off.

CAUTIONS: A person stationed at the bottom of the ladder needs to take care to keep out of the way in case the pony or part of its load falls unexpectedly. I position the bottom of my ladder rather far away from the house in order to make my climb and hauling the pony easier.

Under this condition, the bottom feet of the ladder must be secured to prevent kick out, either by lashing them to the supporting platform or by digging shallow holes in the ground that will accept the feet. I also secure the top of my ladder to prevent it from sliding sideways when I am trying to get on or off of it, and this also makes operating the pony easier and safer.

Lifter Lightens Ladder Loads

By Sam Overman

I would NEVER recommend that the pony be operated by someone who is on the same ladder. However, it would probably be all right if someone below pulled the pony with a light a bucket containing tools and to just below the location where someone was already positioned on the ladder. The tools and materials could be accessed by the person working on the ladder as needed, and that would seem safer to me than if the person tried to carry the tools and materials up when climbing the ladder or tried to pull them up himself using merely a bucket and rope.

I made the side rails of my ladder pony 36" long from 2"x 3" wood (actual 1- 1/2" x 2-1/2") sold at home centers as studs. The lengths of the other components are dependent on the distance between the side rails of the particular ladder used. I connected the wood frame members together with glue and long deck screws. The load platform is an 18" square of 1/2" thick plywood whose corners are notched out to clear the side rails, and glue and drywall screws fasten it. A 5 gallon bucket of tools or compound nestles in the side rails, and its bottom would have fit between the lower wheels, but the load platform was positioned above the lower set of wheels so wide items can be laid across the load platform and not interfere with the wheels. The lower ends of the side rails and a third short leg, 14" long, support the pony and load when they are not on the ladder. The frame and axles provide ample places to attach bungee cord or light rope for securing loads to the pony.

I chose 7" diameter plastic lawn mower wheels running on two 1/2" steel axles secured with washers and push on nuts. I

made the 9" diameter wood wheel disks from 1/4" marine plywood scraps fastened directly onto the sides of the wheels with screws. It works best if the wood disks fall beside the side rails of both ladder sections as the wheels make the transition from one ladder section to the other. My ladder sections are a little over 3" deep, and the wood disks might need to be larger in diameter to work properly on a ladder having deeper sides. A 45 degree chamfer on the inside of the rims of the plywood disks help prevent them from riding up onto the ladder rails.

Plywood ramps having 30 degree points replace the plastic caps at the top ends of the lower ladder section when the pony is being used. They are as thick as the ladder rails, and their edges are chamfered to help the plywood wheel disks guide the wheels from the side rails of one ladder section to the rails of the other section. I drilled out the aluminum rivets that held the plastic end caps and used bolts through the rivet holes to fasten the plywood ramps or the plastic caps in place.

When I am working alone, I can position the pony and its load on the bottom of the ladder side rails then climb over it to ascend the ladder myself. I chose 3/8" nylon pulling rope, larger than was needed to handle the weight, so that I could get a good grip on it and to help keep it from getting jammed in the pulley blocks.

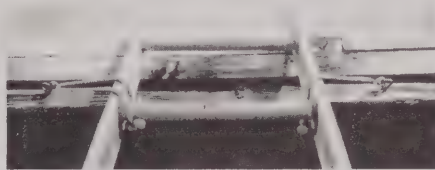
A pulley block bolted to the top rung of the ladder allows me to pull on the rope while standing safely back from the top of the ladder (and roof edge), and a cleat for the rope allows me to secure the pony once it has arrived at the top of the ladder. The pulley and cleat on the top rung do not interfere with the operation or use of the ladder, so they are left in place all the time.

The ladder pony is a fun, inexpensive and easy project to build, and I think it makes lifting materials and working in high places a lot easier and safer.



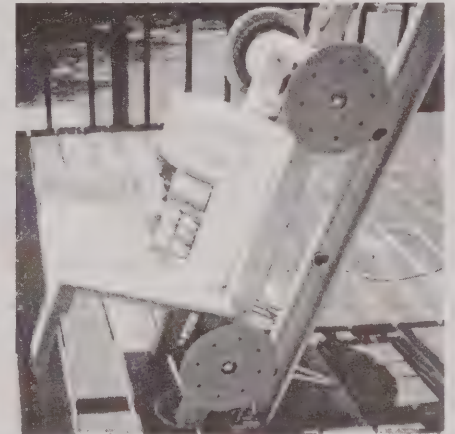
Homemade wire clips slipped through deck board cracks secure ropes that prevent ladder feet from kicking out.

Plywood ramps ease the pony's wheels from one ladder section to the other.



Short ropes and clips snapped to heavy screw eyes prevent ladder from sliding sideways. Ropes are slack when first snapped in place but tighten when the bottom of the ladder is moved away from the house.

Going up! Details of the pony's lower construction.



Pony and load positioned for hauling up. Pulley on top of pony halves the required pulling force.

Pulley block and rope cleat are bolted to the top rung of the ladder.





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Birth of A Quiet Beauty

By Tom Judd

Sailing has always been my passion, but as age increased and patience with the elements decreased, and monkeying with the rig became a real pain, I started to look a little longer at motorboat plans. But, the noise! The smell! And, all that crud being added to already very polluted waters. And what fun is there in bouncing across a beautiful lake.

The dilemma was solved when I saw Phil Bolger's Lily, "A Practical Electric Launch", in the July/August 1997 edition of *WoodenBoat*. While that started the wheels (cogs?) turning, it wasn't until summer 2001 that I got serious about this direction. An inquiry to Bolger brought me a reprint of the *MAIB* article "Update on Lily", followed by a demo tape and the plans.

The plans and construction book are very complete. This is the first boat that I've cut out the frames and hull parts, and then epoxied, glassed and sanded all before assembly, a great improvement over doing these operations af-

ter the boat is built. Since the frames and hull are 1/2" ply, the hull parts can be fastened to the frames with temporary screws, although a wire stitch is needed in some places. However, no gymnastics are needed to bring the sides and bottom together on the stem as I've had to do on other boats. The seams can then be filled, sanded and taped, making a very fair hull. I used okoume plywood (Bruynzeel) which is a very nice wood to work with, and a vast improvement over the US fir I had used on other boats. I made the gunwales and wood trim from white oak. It is a difficult wood to work, but it is ideal for this purpose and, when varnished, very beautiful.

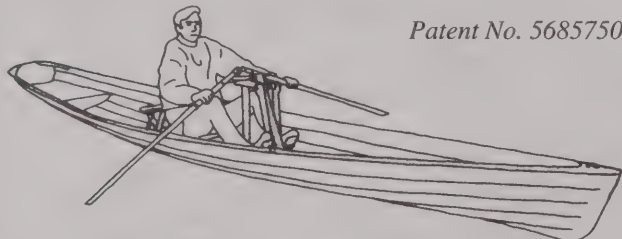
All of the electric components were installed in about four days work. I was lucky, since I have a son that could do all the wiring for me. But Bolger has drawn a very complete set of plans for the circuitry, dividing it into four parts, each part clearly drawn and easy to follow. Also, the instruction book gives the best sequence to follow in order to stay out of trouble. The difficult part is having fingers small enough and patience long enough to hook up a lot of wires, sometimes in a very small space. But with patience, it certainly is doable.

Since absence of a noisy motor was a big part of why I built this boat, I named her *Whisper*. For a peaceful cruise around one of the Finger Lakes, or along the old Erie Canal, she is near perfect. With the cushions on reclining seats one can stretch out in comfort, the stereo adds to her pleasures. I would like a little more speed, another knot would be perfect. The MinnKota prop's pitch needs to be increased. Bolger recommends an aluminum three-blade prop with a pitch of six instead of the two-blade prop with a pitch of four that comes standard with the motor. MinnKota is not interested in helping. If any reader has a solution to this problem, a question on building a Lily, or her performance, I would like to hear from them. I can be reached on the internet at <trjudd@frontiernet.net>

A last comment. As I cruised quietly along the shoreline of Honeoye Lake (one of the smaller Finger Lakes in New York), I noticed that there was not one sailboat in front of the cottages and none on the water, all motor boats that speed to one end, turn around and speed to the other end. A few years ago, this lake had many small sailboats on it. Have the quiet ones been driven from the lake? Maybe. Maybe it's time for a few lakes without these noisy overpowered gas motors.

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I had a friend in the UK looking forward to moving house, one of the benefits of his new abode was that his boatbuilding space would be increased from tiny to small. Being a keen small boat man, and one who loved the idea of building a small cruiser on which he could spend a night out, a minimum cabin yacht seemed to be a good thought.

Also in the UK, Bill Serjeant had the idea of promoting a small boat class that he dubbed the "Micro Cruiser" class. (see what he is doing at www.btinternet.com/~wsrjeant/).

He proposed small sailing boats with the ability to make voyages along the coast and to provide shelter and comfort for their occupants for a couple of days. Bills focus was on an ecologically sustainable solution to short haul cruising with boats intended to cause minimal impact upon the environment and to use as few of the earth's non-renewable resources as possible.

I had watched a recently retired friend, after a traumatic time for he and his wife as they adjusted to the dramatic change in their life, setting up his garage as a small boatshop and begin searching for a small boat that would be a comfortable boat for two on the occasional daysail, and which would allow him to spend a day or two out with his camera pursuing a parallel interest in photographing seabirds.

All of these sort of came together in my thoughts without my really realizing it, and I found myself taking the current design project off the board and laying out some new mylar to see if the ideas would work.

And work they did. Tread Lightly ("on the earth, leave room for those who follow", I don't know where that came from but it seemed to me appropriate in the light of Bill's part in inspiring the design) was conceived on an A3 sheet of graph paper, and translated into a 1/10 scale drawing on the mylar.

She has what I call "pup tent" comfort, that is a secure cabin with room for your air

Tread Lightly

A Minimum Cruiser

Designed by John Welsford.

mattress, headroom enough to sit with your back against a bulkhead while reading a good book, enough locker space to keep stores and equipment for a week, a very comfortable cockpit with real shelter from the elements and space for a friend. She has the essentials, Tread Lightly is not a big boat but the spaces allocated to each function are big enough for a 6 footer of middle aged girth. I have specified a beach chair for the cockpit seating, and have given her more than enough legroom to stretch out a bit.

The net result is a boat that will be a capable and comfortable cruiser for those who

enjoy simple style, which could be carried on an ordinary garden trailer, towed by a very small car, quickly assembled in a single garage, financed without too much pain, and built over a winters weekends.

I have given her lots of ballast and a hull shape that will give her serious sail carrying ability in a blow and a really high righting moment, there is 100 kg (220lbs) of ballast in the spaces each side of the cabin, and the high freeboard means that she will be safe enough in most coastal conditions, with the rig well reefed down and sailing a little free I can see her punching her way through a late afternoon chop heading for the shelter of a tiny cove somewhere peaceful where the skipper can put the pot on for a simple meal in paradise.

My choice of rig is not entirely governed by my liking for the traditional, I needed a practical rig that would suit the usage, the balanced lug main is a very efficient sail and having no stays is both cheap to set up and quick to rig. The mizzen needs to be more close winded so the sharpie spritsail is a good partner for the main, making a rig that points well and gives a huge amount of drive for the heeling moment it generates. A bonus is that the split rig can be adjusted to help the boat to self steer when reaching or on the wind.

When needing to sit a while for reading a chart, waiting out the tide at a rivermouth bar, or reefing the main, she will ride out a squall or sit quietly while her skipper is distracted by the scenery, sit head to wind with the mizzen sheeted on and the rudder let loose, the mug of coffee lying on the bridgedeck next to the binoculars or the chart.

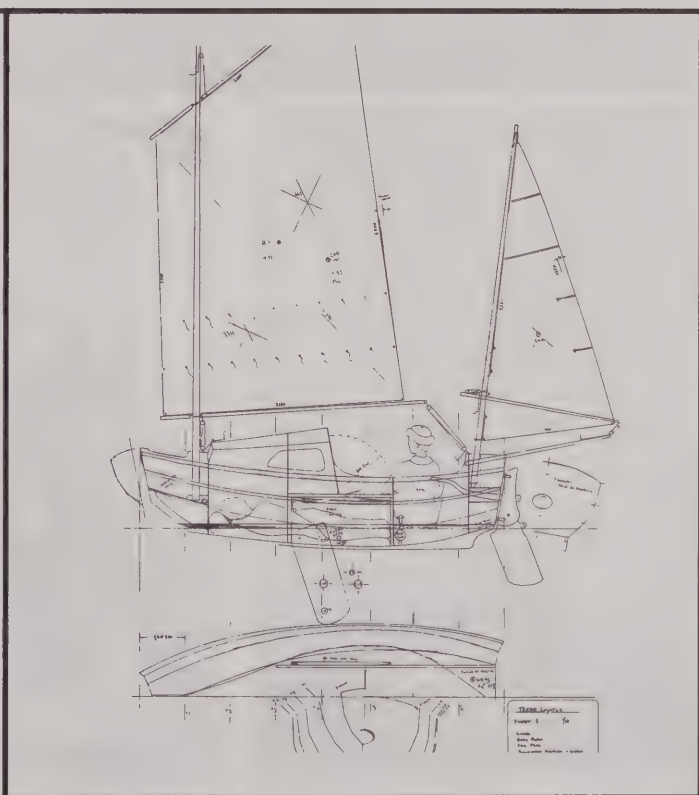
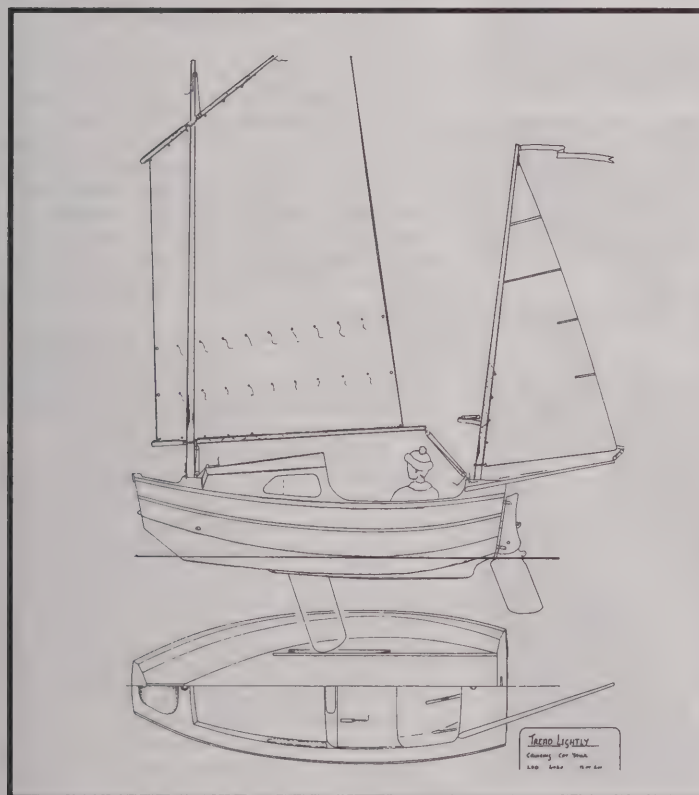
Sitting upright on her flat bottom while the tide comes gradually closer, sneaking up on a heron's nest, or thrashing along the coast heading for the next harbour with her crew sitting down out of the reach of wind and spray this is a very capable boat for her size. Relaxed cruising, that's her style.

Tread Lightly

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Red Zinger

Design #460
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 Working sail area 319sf

This boat was a custom design for Richard Zapf, who built her himself and cruised and raced her for many years based on Ipswich, Massachusetts. The boat would be based in the sand choked Plum Island Sound and its dangerous entrance bar, dominated by significant tidal currents. And she was to have a cabin with a double berth, two single berths, and a fairly roomy and private toilet washroom. The picture windows in the hull sides were supposed to encourage people to sit below, amidships, where they would have shade and shelter, where their weight would have the least effect on the trim, and best effect as live ballast. This latter idea was not very popular and the original boat, *Red Zinger*, had much smaller windows.

When she was first tried, *Red Zinger's* sailing was uninspiring. The weakness was eventually traced to several causes, primarily a mainsail cut too flat. The flatness was exacerbated by the flexibility of her cantilevered mast; as it bent it tended to flatten the sail out still more, the same effect that is used to vary sail draft in, for instance, the Olympic Finn Class dinghies. Boats with unstayed masts in general, and leg o' mutton rigged cat yawls in particular, need plenty of draft in their driving sails. Once *Red Zinger's* mainsail had been recut she was respectably competitive in races with more standard cruising auxiliaries. Very competitive off the wind, and relaxed to sail in all weathers, she made some fast passages.

She is not an "instant boat" though the sides are sheet plywood. The bottom is cold molded in only two courses, to take the twist at the forward end on to the plumb stem. Taking the trouble to do this produced a very clean bow wave, as one of the photos shows.

The ballast was all inside, as designed. Mr. Zapf sailed her with only 700lbs, but he carried a lot of cruising weight stowed low. The sister ship described below started out with 700 kilograms (1,500lbs). She later had several hundred pounds more added, but her owner does not think it was an improvement except that it steadied her at rest. Nowadays

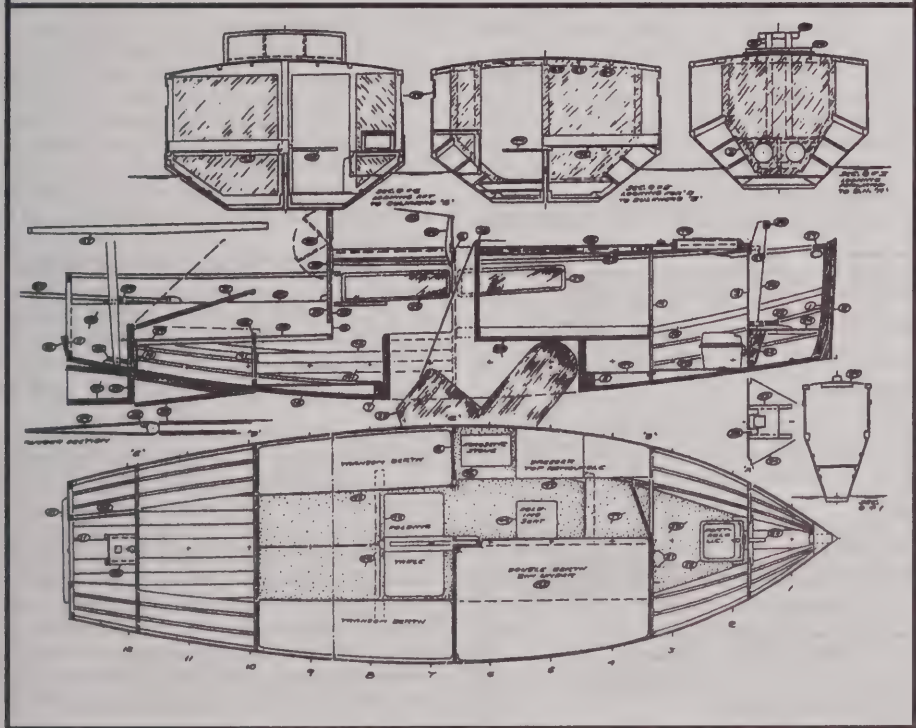
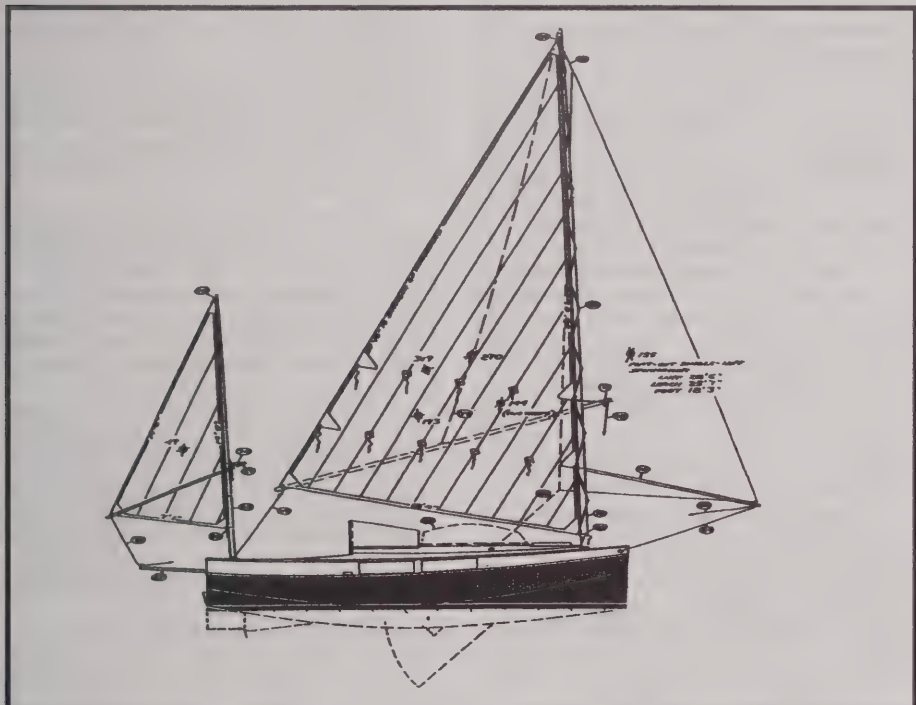


we would give her a steel or copper shoe covering much of the flat part of her bottom and making up most or all of her ballast.

The boat shown in the photos is sister ship *Pagan*, beautifully built by Anthony Green of Melbourne, Australia. He writes as follows after a couple of years of sailing her: "*Pagan* is alive and well on Port Phillip Bay. Since building I have had no need for any modifications. The boat has seen lots of sailing and many adventures, but always with an assuring sense of pedigree and ability."

"The boat attracts a range of attention from both the cognoscenti, 'Is that a Bolger boat?' to the illiterati, 'Did you design that boat yourself?' I find the boat stiff and buoyant, very dry. It feels like a keelboat, but without the worry of deep draft. We sail in 20 knots before reefing, and on one two reef day, 25 knots and strong gusts, everyone was relaxed and smiling. The cold molding in the bow bilge panel worked perfectly; very fair and not even a paint seam in sight. I put in several hundred pounds of (additional) ballast, but I feel this only makes it stable on the mooring and probably isn't entirely necessary. My best run was 40 nautical miles in six hours with two reefs 6-1/2 knots average!"

Plans of *Red Zinger*, Design #460, are available for \$250 including priority mail, rolled in a tube, from: Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc. 66 Atlantic Street, Gloucester, MA 01930 1827, U.S.A.



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For movie makers seeking decorative settings seething with drama and excitement, ships are the old reliable. Cars are useless save for chase and crash sequences and planes don't really figure except in dogfights involving heavily goggled aces. Trains have been used effectively at times but are undeniably claustrophobic.

Ships, on the other hand, come in all shapes and sizes. Just a whiff of salt air suffices to set galleys rowing, galleons sailing, pirates marauding and submarines skulking: The skilled scriptwriter needs only his fingers to mutiny on the *Bounty*, trounce the Spanish Armada and sink the *Bismarck* as well as the *Titanic*.

Still, most scriptwriters are landlubbers who soon enough run afoul of fact, sometimes with laughable results. There are numerous kinds of seagoing gaffes. The broadest is the Categorical Blunder. It's also the least interesting, because it means the movie itself was mistake from get go, and usually boring to boot. Wretched example: 1997's *Cutthroat Island*. Another gaffe is the Flagrant Titillator, which flirts with "true story" status but tortures a minimum of fact into a maximum of speculation and flim flam. Take Fox TV's *Brittanic*. Please.

Yes, *Brittanic* was *Titanic*'s sister ship and she sank. But, no (and I hope I shatter no illusions here), she was not stalked through the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean by a U boat exchanging coded messages with a German agent masquerading as *Brittanic*'s chaplain with a spy radio in his Bible and a scheme to capture the ship with the aid of Irish terrorists only to be thwarted by the mousy English girl counterspy with whom he falls fatally in love thinking she is only a nanny to the children of England's ambassador to Greece right up to the moment she sleeps with and then shoots him. Sorry.

Gotcha! gaffes are a special category. They're incontrovertibly wrong, wrong, wrong and are preferably rooted in obscurity or a passing glance. If they are ridiculously picky and totally irrelevant, so much the better, silly, in fact. Putting Columbus aboard a steamship would be the kind of obvious and inexcusable error called a "Howler." There's a touch of cruelty, too, because a true Gotcha! leaves absolutely no wiggle room. Finally, the Gotcha! should be spotted not in some fifty cent independent movie but in an overblown, massively hyped zillion buck Hollywood extravaganza.

Sins at Sea

By Bill Marsano

In *Titanic*, for example, smoke pours from all of the liner's four funnels. Wrong! The fourth funnel was a dummy. But it's not a true Gotcha! The dummy funnel vented *Titanic*'s galleys, so there's wiggle room. It could have emitted some smoke, even if it came from burnt toast. But when Jack (Leonardo DiCaprio) talks about fishing in Wisconsin's Lake Wissota? Now that's a Gotcha! According to Hollywood gaffe meister Bill Givens's book *Film Flubs*, Wissota is an artificial lake, created in 1917, five years after *Titanic* sank.

Kevin Costner's relentlessly sappy *Message in a Bottle* (1999) is a Categorical Blunder, but it does contain a fine Gotcha! if you can remain awake long enough. Early on, Garret, the lovelorn hero, is building his dreamboat, working from blueprints for a yawl, near the end of the film, he launches it, but it's a sloop. Gotcha!

You'll find lookout blunders easy to spot in many movies. Ships lookouts were posted high in the rigging, whence they could spot things at great distances. Typically, the scene unfolds like this: On deck, the stalwart officers scan the sea in vain. "Where is that cursed Blackbeard?" frets one. "He's the vilest villain sailing the Spanish Main," replies another, "but also the wildest, and he'll lead us a merry chase indeed!"

Just then, "Sail ho!" sounds from aloft. The camera pans to the lookout, who points off to starboard and then to Blackbeard's ship, Jolly Roger flying. It is about a hundred yards away. Snuck right up on them, I guess. In 1962's *Mutiny on the Bounty* the lookout doesn't cry "Land ho!" off Cape Horn until the *Bounty* almost hits it, nor announce Tahiti until it's so close it fills half the screen.

Which brings up another point or two. The Jolly Roger is a filmic fiction. Some pirates did invent their own flags but none much resembled Hollywood's. Also, says David Cordingly in *A General History of the Robberies & Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates* (Lyons Press), pirates weren't called swashbucklers (those were land based bandits), and they probably didn't board ships

with knives in their teeth (don't try this at home or you'll soon reach the same conclusion).

By the way: No one ever sailed the Spanish Main. "Main" was short for "Mainland", Spain's colonies in the Americas. I will cut the scriptwriters some slack here because the error is centuries old. It's found in one of Shakespeare's sonnets and in Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and in a more recent ditty that goes "Sailing, sailing over the bounding main..." Well sirs, I have been to South America and can state firmly that it doth not bound. Nevertheless the error is so common that lexicographers have long since thrown in the towel: Most dictionaries accept "main" as a synonym for ocean or sea, although the concession usually comes far down the list of definitions, with the comment "chiefly poetical" grudgingly added.

In movies, sails often hang flat as window shades in windless calms, as in 1941's *That Hamilton Woman*. In that film, the Battle of Trafalgar is fought between ships that are practically immobile. That's just one example.

Practicality and budgetary restraints are the reasons. Square rigger crewmen are scarce and they're needed in quantity. They no longer subsist on the hardtack and dried peas of Nelson's time but devour catered lunches by the long ton. Real sailors would also clutter the deck and blunder into camera range. And they would sail the ship.

These days many folk are accustomed to megaton Carnival cruisers plodding along in a state of pool table stability, and doubtless they are surprised to learn that sailing ships pitch and roll vigorously, sometimes violently while sails and rigging cast shadows in all the wrong places. That's probably why few movie makers want sailing ships to actually sail.

Still, some insist on authenticity. Director Andrew Grieve used a 152' replica frigate for the *Horatio Hornblower* TV series recently presented by the Arts & Entertainment channel. Sailed by twenty six seamen, the *HMS Indefatigable* showed a high degree of historical accuracy, including the need for iron men with iron stomachs. When C.S. Forester, Hornblower's creator, gave his hero a touch of seasickness he couldn't have imagined that, on film, life would imitate art. By filming's end, many of the actors were green at the gills and glad to disembark.

We may be hearing more of this soon enough. The *Rose* has been procured for use as a set for the filming of the first Aubrey Maturin movie, *Master and Commander*. On the other hand, I hear the producers are just going to float her in the *Titanic* tank in Mexico.

Movie makers aren't the only ones to fumble the facts, and MAIBers may take this article as encouragement to seek out gaffes wherever they may be. For example, some Caribbean guidebooks still say Norman Island in the British Virgins inspired Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Really? Biographer Nicolas Rankin says the tale began with a map of an imaginary place Stevenson and his stepson drew up during a rainy vacation in Scotland. Stevenson never saw the Caribbean, let alone Norman Island. Gotcha!

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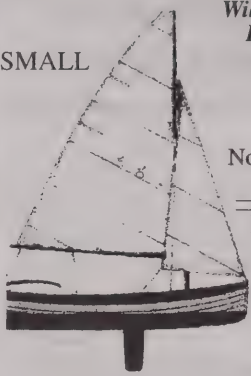
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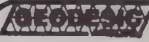
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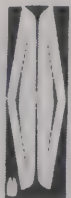
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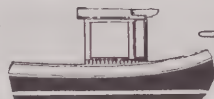
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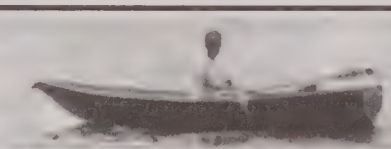
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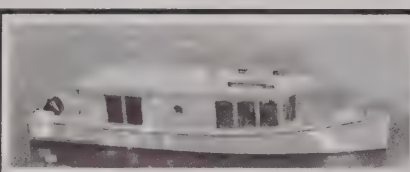
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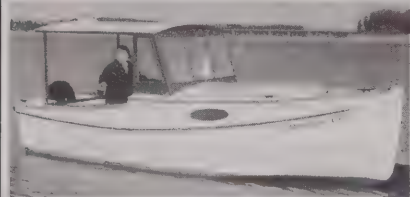


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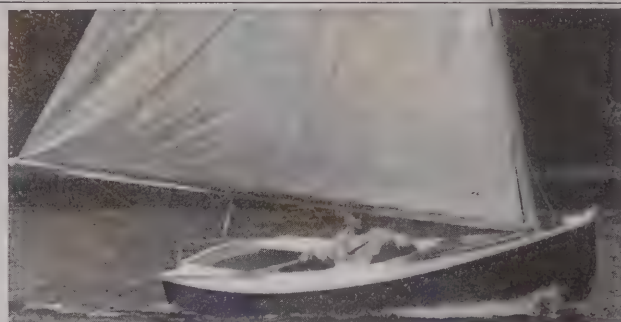


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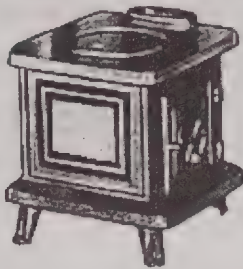
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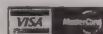


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BOATS FOR SALE



22' Tripp Angler, '77 cabin model bass boat. '84 Evinrude 185hp VRO, low hrs, 72 gal above deck tankage. V-berth, head, cooler, w/cushion extra seats. In water Mattapoisett, MA. 2nd owner. Long brand galv 4 wheel HD trlr. \$16,000.
DICK TATLOCK, Lincon, MA, (781) 259-0846. (13)

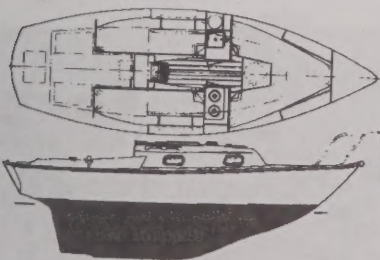
Diablo Maine Coast Utility, Phil Bolger design, 15' x 5', FG inside & out over marine plywood. Center console, removeable forward deck, full electrical system. Fish/depth finder, bilge pump, theft alarm, compass, anchor, bimini top, custom cover, soft seats. Blt '98. 25hp Evinrude OB E/C. '00 Performance trlr w/spare tire. Never damaged, fresh water use only. Comfortable, stable fast or slow. \$4,800 plus many hrs invested. \$2,500 takes it all.
STEVE DECKER, Queensbury, NY, (518) 793-4357. (13)

19' Wooden Lightning Class Sailboat, compl, sails, mast, rigging. '50s vintage, CB trunk leaks. Price, whatever it is worth to you.
JOHN HINCKLEY, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-7786. (13)

11' Culler Sampan, sailing rig, ready to go. \$1,000.
17' Catboat, FG Newman/Wittholtz design. Spars, sails, etc. \$4,000.
TONY DE LIMA, S. Dartmouth, MA, (508) 758-6265. (13)

Windsurfers, 2 Mistral intermediate skill boards, 5 sails, 3 masts, 3 booms, 2 harnesses. \$550 for all. I travel some and can help with delivery if necessary.
HENRY CHAMPAGNEY, Greenback, TN, (865) 856-5853, <h2champs@aol.com> (13)

16' Full Keel Wood Sloop, Marconi rigged, cuddy, OB & trlr. Fully restored, surveyed & insured. \$5,000.
HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (13)



'81 Cape Dory 22, Alberg design, slps 4. '01 Nissan 8hp electric start OB. EZ Loader tandem trlr w/surge brakes. Lots of bronze & teak. Roller furling jib & genoa. \$8,800. Boat located on Martha's Vineyard. **15' Albacore Sailboat**, w/galv trlr. Cold molded. Green topsides, varnished mahogany deck. Nice sails. Fast & fun. Trlr has new axle & wheels. \$1,200. Boat located in Portland, ME. WILLIAM COOGAN, Portland, ME, (207) 780 4195. (14)

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Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.

16' Heavy Duty Skiff, under constr. \$1,750 for bare hull. **14' Lite Skiff**, painted. \$1,000. Boats blt to order. Info at www.perssonmfg.com.
SETH PERSSON BOAT BUILDERS, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 388-2343 leave message, <perssonmfg@abac.com> (13P)

'60 Old Town Sportsman Canoe, transom/sponson model. Compl, nds restoration. No broken frames. \$500. **'53 Stadel 40' Ketch**, compl, worthy restoration project. Much work done. \$5,500.
ALLEN CADY, Edgewater, MD, (410) 268-1808. (15)

Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store.
FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

"Demo" Compass Classic Yachts, we are building a new showboat fleet for next season. Used 12' Rainbow Catboat, 14' Classic Cat, and 18' Hurricane sloop are being sold at bargain prices. Call for details & pricing.
COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, Orleans, MA, (508) 240-1032, www.compassclassicyachts.com (13)

'01 Bauer 10, gunter rig, tanbark sails, permanent copper bottom, motor mount, custom cover, sail & spar bag, bronze hrdwre, Sea Lion galv trlr. Replacement \$4,500, sale \$3,400. Also available '00 Honda 2hp 4 cyle OB, 6hrs use. \$700.
JOHN SUTHERLAND, Paulsboro, NJ, (856) 234-7270. (13)

'41 Old Town Otca 17' Sailing Canoe, w/new 75sf sail (orig size that was ordered) & new never used 45sf sail w/new Sitka spars. Orig flrlds, fan back seatrests (2), & AACA horsehair cushions w/backs. Leebrds w/bronze angle brackets & rudder. All cast brass filed & polished. An immaculate restoration. \$3,200. **'20s Kennebec Torpedo 16' Canoe**, cherry decks, new canvas, 2 part acrylic enamel spray finish. A fast canoe w/fine lines. \$1,500. **'52 Penn Yan 14' Trail Boat**, w/bronze hrdwre. Used 3 seasons. 49 yrs in an attic. Orig varnish. The owner made flrlds, there is no scuffing or dents on the bottom, not even silt buildup between the strip planks. They punched a hole 2" square near the bow & put it away. I've repaired hole & canvas & removed loose paint. Nds refinishing. Orig '52 Johnson 10hp in same remarkable cond. \$2,500.
GUNNAR SEIGH, Staatsburg, NY, (845) 889-4592. (13)

Too Many Boats, need to clean out the garage. Currently ready for sale is an 8' plywood pram. Outside painted white, inside is light gray w/ varnished seats. Looks vy sharp. \$250 OBO.
RICK SWAIN, West Paris, ME, (207) 674 2464, <Rswain@exploremaine.com> (14)

16' John D. Little Lapstrake Plywood Catboat, '89, vy fine cond; 1 owner, professionally stored & maintained. Sail, cushions & cover also in exc cond; Spartan Marine OB mount, anchor, compass, portable toilet incl. Gorgeous boat, blt by a real craftsman, winner of Catboat Association Broad Axe Award (see *WoodenBoat* "Launchings" Sept./Oct. 1990, p.108). \$15,500.
PAUL BURKE, Worcester, MA, (508) 752 6523 (h), <pburke@clarku.edu> (14)

Weekend Cruisers: O'Day 23, FG sloop, '78 shoal draft/CB model. Draft 2' 3", displ 3085lbs, 4hp auxiliary & USCG package. Starter boat priced \$1,500. In water at Deale, MD. **Seidelmann 25 FG Sloop**, '79 model. Draft 4'4". 7hp Honda auxiliary & USCG package. Dry docked at North East, MD. Racing fun priced at \$2,500. **Columbia 22 FG Sloop**, '68 model. Draft 3'. Fresh bottom paint, 6 hp Evinrude auxiliary & USCG package. Starter boat priced at \$1,000. Located in water at Washington, DC. **Clipper Marine 25 FG Sloop**, '73 shoal draft model. Draft 3'. 6hp Evinrude auxiliary & USCG package. Located in water at Washington, DC. Priced to sell at \$800. We also accept select local donated boats & specialize in traditional sailing & rowing craft. www.shipscompany.org.
STEVE DEATHERAGE or MIKE BOSWORTH, Ship's Company & Sea Scout Ship #1799, (703) 765-8889 eves, (703) 767-8315 days, <sdeatherag@desc.dla.mil>, <michael.Bosworth@verizon.net> (14)

'71 20' High-Sided Simmons Sea-Skiff, free for the taking. No trlr. Looks whole from the outside, but there is a lot of rot inside. It may be good only for flower box duty, but I have seen worse restored.
DAVE CARNELL, Wilmington, NC, (910) 686-4184, <davecarnell@att.net> (13)

16' Old Town Boat, dbl ended canvas covered, blt '59. Mint cond. Similar to Rangeley/Adirondack guideboats. \$1,250. **16' Compac Suncat Catboat**, w/motor, trlr, etc. Reasonably priced.
RALPH A. NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (631) 757-3087. (13)



Simmons Sea Skiff 18, launched 8/01, 25hp Honda w/10hrs on tach, fishfinder, compass, bimini, anchor, extinguisher, flipflop seat, seat in front of console & folding bench seat aft. Galv trlr in saltwater once only. \$6,000.
RAINER K KERN, Rosenberg, TX, (281) 342-2692, <bubba6@evl.net> (14)

15' Trailable Trimaran, plywood, compl except for mast & sail. Free.
LEONARD SATZ, Blackwood, NJ, (856) 227-5886,
<lenandanita@aol.com> (13)

BOATS WANTED

AMF Alcott Minifish.

AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TF)

Used 16' Fixed Seat Rowing Craft, w/wineglass transom such as Middle Path Boats' Skua.

DAN HIGGINS, Cheswick, PA, (724) 265-1222. (14)

Martha Jane.

LEO SMITH, 166 Sharpe Rd., Wynantskill, NY 12198, (518) 283-0565, <leoandsandy@juno.com> (14)

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White Poly tarp Sail Kits. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required.

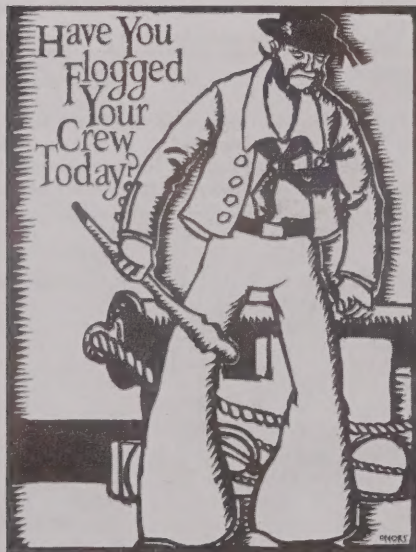
DAVE GRAY, 22 Sunblest Ct., Fischers, IN 46038, (317) 915-1454. (17P)

SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

16' Carbon Fiber Mast, used.

DAVID VIRTUE, Kittery Pt., ME, (207) 439-8005, <virtue@lme.net> (13)

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A Tough Jacktar, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master Card & American Express.

NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, (207) 985-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <nors@loa.com>, www.norsgear.com (TFP)

4hp Johnson LS OB, runs but nds water pump. Asking \$100.
LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (13)

Piantedosi RowWing, sliding seat drop-in unit. Mint, never used, in orig box. \$500.

RALPH A. NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (631) 757-3087. (13)

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THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. Toll free 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

"Life's Too Short To Own An Ugly Boat" Bumper Sticker, \$2.00 ea, add \$1 postage for up to 20. Call for prices on T Shirts & Coffee Mugs too!

SOUTHPORT ISLAND MARINE, P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576, (207) 633-6009, www.southportislandmarine.com. (TFP)

'24 Palmer YT1, rare early model w/original Serial # tag (#2022124). Fourstroke, exterior push rods & rockers. Restored & running. Buzz coil ignition. \$2,200.

GUNNAR SEIGH, Staatsburg, NY, (845) 889-4592. (13)

Canoe Molds, for 18' decked canoe, orig "Electra-Ghost Canoe" (electric powered). Hull & deck molds, compl decks & misc parts. \$2,500.

ALLEN CADY, Edgewater, MD, (410) 268-1808. (13)

About Done Cleaning Out the Boat Shed, only a couple of items left. Danforth Anchors, hvy guage galv steel, 4lb (1) & 6lb (2). \$15 ea. 10" Mooring Cleat, bronze, w/2 bronze deck edge fairleads. \$10. SS Stemhead Fitting, welded up w/12" curved stem flange, 17" flat deck flange, 7" jib tang. \$10. All plus shipping via UPS.

BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (14)

Last of My Surplus Marine Gear, 2 galv dbl pulleys on 1 shaft for 1/4" line, mtd on wooden block, 2pr, \$3 ea. 1/4" black line (looks like Dacron), 16' w/turnbuckle (1) and 14' w/turnbuckles & thimbles (2), standing rigging for 14' sloop I had, \$3 ea. Galv 4" turnbuckles (2), \$1 ea. Galv dbl pulley for 1/4" line, \$1. Bit brace, \$2. Sander, strl line, \$2. Motor stand for 3hp-5hp, Free. Small boat trlr 4-hole wheel w/Goodyear tire, never used, \$5.

JOE ROGERS, Framingham, MA, (508) 872-4206. (14)

Factory New Deutz Diesel Engine, still in crate. Purchased as prime mover for campus fire pump, never installed. Stored indrs in factory plastic wrap since delivery fall of '99. Specifications: Deutz Model BF4M1012 4 cyl diesel, 79hp, 58kw @ 2,500rpm. Integrated liquid cooling system nds no external radiator. Incl: Deutz control panel, Deutz air filter unit & cap, Deutz shock mounts, Deutz shop manual & owner's manual, Funk speed increaser. Literature suggests engine is suitable for marine applications. \$7,000 OBO

TIM JENNINGS, Director, Facilities Operations & Maintenance, Cardigan Mountain School, RR2 Box 58, Canaan, NH 03741, (603) 523-3536 (voice), (603) 523-3550 (fax). (14P)

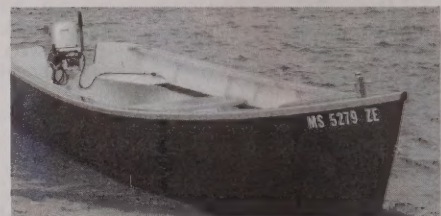
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"Sleeper", 7' 10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

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From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)



New Design! Tape seam skiff built w/lines taken from a Westport work skiff. 17' 10" x 6' 3" lt wt, strong & easy on the eyes. Building Plans \$75, Visa/MC JERRY MATHIEU, CUSTOM SKIFFS, Box 3023, Westport, MA, 02790, (508) 679-5050, (508) 636-8020 (01P)

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GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA2, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

14' Little Moby Plans, by Chas. Wittholz, WB plans, never blt, nice OB runabout/launch. \$50 OBO. DAVID VIRTUE, Kittery Pt., ME, (207) 439-8005, <virtue@lme.net> (13)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15' 6" x 4' 6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

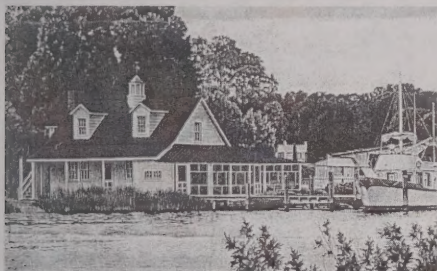


Build 13-1/2' of Bliss, from 2 sheets of plywood. Plans \$26. Illustrated leaf let of 16 craft \$2. DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (EOIP)

WoodenBoat Magazines, Vol#1, compl. Compl sets from '78 to '92. Mint orig cond.\$250. RALPH A. NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (631) 757-3087.(13)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free pictures of your boat but \$50 for 9" x 12" & \$100 for 18" x 24" will get your painting done first. Send no money until you get a painting you like. SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040 (TF)



Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

Water Rower, premium quality rowing machine, furniture quality cherrywood, water resistance system. \$600. LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (13)

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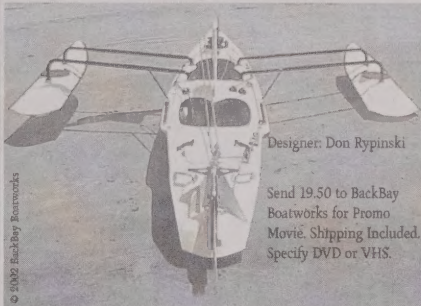
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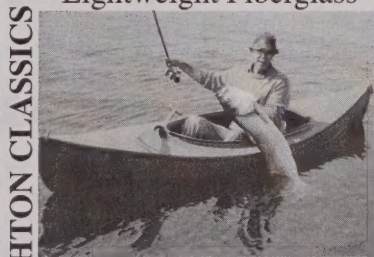
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Because we publish twice a month and mail by 3rd Class bulk rates, we experience continuing problems with some of you receiving your magazines regularly.

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In 4 to 6 weeks they send us an address change correction as we request on the back cover of each issue where your address is imprinted (at a cost of \$1 to us). By this time we have mailed you additional issues, all of which have been trashed. We correct your address, but by now you have missed several issues.

Often many of you wish us to replace the missing issues. But we have already mailed them to you at the address on record here, and mailing replacements involves the cost of the replacement issues and additional postage (\$1 each by 1st Class mail) beyond the subscription fee you paid. We have to ask for additional payment to do this.

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If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a 2 week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further 10 days to 2 weeks while it is in the mail en route to you. If we receive your ad just after going to press, a further 2 weeks is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands.

Thus, it can be from 3 to 6 weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear, it will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.



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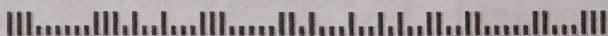
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